

the name of the progress of the Revolution. At the moment the Ukraine is the scene of a severe purge of "unpatriotic" elements. Here again the average citizen is helpless. The manifold human sufferings and indignities indicated by such slender news reports are a warning to Americans of the necessity of making our democracy work.

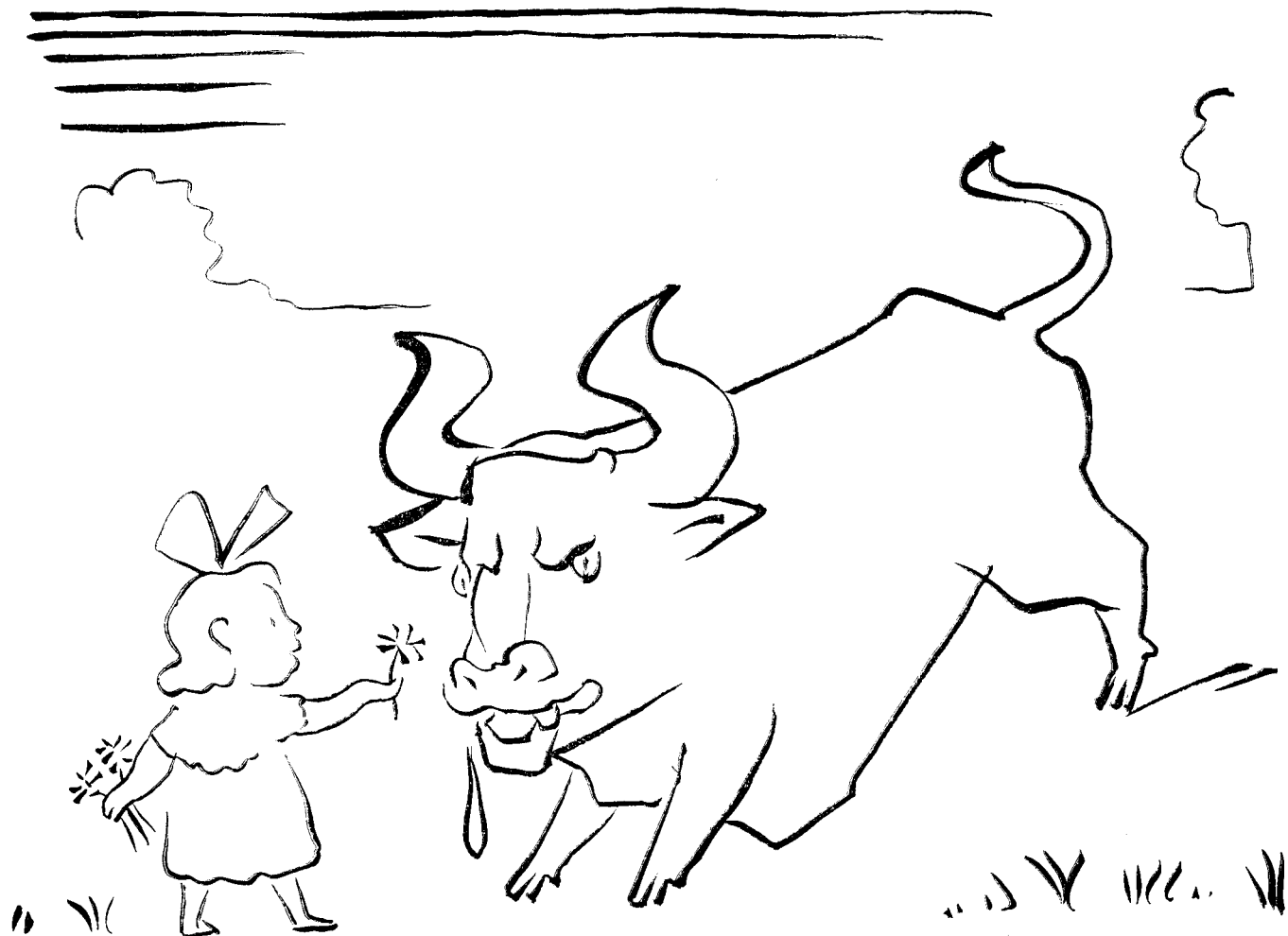
THE *Review* of the International Labor Office has just published some most provocative statistics about days of work lost through strikes. In mining, industry, manufacture and transportation, the average number of days lost annually through strikes from 1926

to 1936 per thousand workers was: for Norway, 3,176; Sweden, 1,818; Denmark, 935; Australia, 871; United States, 781. These countries were the top five. At the bottom were: Japan, 104; Switzerland, 106; Canada, 139. There were no statistics for the past five years from Germany and France, and none at all from Italy. First of all, it must be admitted that it is impossible to tell exactly how much work is actually lost because of strikes. There is no certainty that the time the workers were idle through strikes would have been spent, if the strikes had not occurred, in productive labor. Then, there is apparently no close correlation between the quantity of striking and the degree of democracy of the country, or its stage of industrial development or prosperity. But there is, it seems, some correlation. The position of Germany, Italy and Japan at least indicate that the people who control those nations do not believe in strikes. The five leading strike countries are also considered leading democracies, if not *the* leading democracies. They should certainly study carefully industrial relations in Switzerland and Canada. But the other countries should also try to find out how the Scandinavian countries, in particular, manage such a good reputation while being afflicted with strikes. It might relate to the amount of work their governments leave to the citizens, and their refusal to use government force to the advantage of either side.

THE ANNUAL corporation reports of ten years ago would make interesting comparison with the latest products of the accounting and public relations departments of our largest enterprises. A striking difference would assuredly be the attention directed today to free medical care, group insurance, stock purchase plans and other facilities open to the employees. And impressive statistics as to the number of employees, their average age and number of years in the company service. Yet such a comparison would be misleading if it exacted the conclusion that big business has at long last yielded

to New Deal, religious and labor pressure, for certain leading firms have been doing these things for years. All oratory to the contrary, all American business has not by the very fact of its bigness been irresponsible. But public opinion today demands the evidence of enlightened labor relations. Such is the theme of a symposium on management presented in the *New York Times* by Lewis H. Brown of the Johns-Manville Corporation as a preliminary to the Seventh International Management Congress to be held in Washington in September. All the contributors speak in terms of the new social consciousness of American business. Opinions range from that of Fred W. Sargent of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad, who feels that management should devote itself to convincing the American public to make an end of government interference with the free flow of capital for the common good, to that of James F. Bell of General Mills, who claims that "management . . . holds in trust the investment of the stockholders and still more important . . . the jobs of the workers." This consciousness should advance from the stage of self-justification before the public to one of personal responsibility of American business as a whole toward consumers, stockholders and employees.

THE EARNESTNESS of the current debate in New York's Constitutional Convention regarding wire-tapping and the admissibility in court of illegally obtained evidence, is a healthy sign, even when all deductions have been made for political motives. Labor leaders have declared themselves on both sides, and at one stage of the proceedings the Mayor of New York City and the celebrated District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey were virtually lined up against the Governor of the state. The original political split was first manifest when the convention attempted to incorporate into the state constitution an equivalent of Article 4 of the Federal Bill of Rights, regarding "unreasonable searches and seizures." The Democratic Senator Dunningan, sponsoring a double provision—against wire-tapping without special warrant, and against the use of evidence secured by contravening provisions of the law—was voted down by the Republican majority of the Bill of Rights committee. Part of this division, happily, has since been effaced by virtual agreement upon the first provision, with some technical modifications; but there is apparently a deep difference regarding the second. The chief authority against it comes from District Attorney Dewey, who fears that such restriction of evidence would cripple the state's prosecutors and police. It is a difficult matter to decide, beyond doubt; and the layman who opposes an official of Mr. Dewey's record and caliber may



"COME ON, FERDINAND, DON'T BE SHY!"

rightly feel himself guilty of temerity. All must recognize peculiar difficulties and dangers attendant upon enforcing the law against the modern criminal. But in the long run we think it safer that the courts should be known as bound by both the spirit and the letter of the laws they administer. In the long run it is even "less evil" (to adopt the phrase of Chief Justice Hughes in regard to the related matter of wire-tapping) "that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

WHAT the automotive industry itself has to say about safety, in the second safety seminar now meeting in New York under the auspices of the Commercial Investment Trust, Incorporated, makes encouraging reading. Representatives of fifty newspapers in key cities throughout the country are guests of the seminar, which wishes to elicit their active cooperation and support in its campaign for Edu-

cation, Enforcement and Engineering. Authorities of national reputation in safety research have dealt with these three topics intensively, demonstrating that, in the problem of motor-safety, which is basically a local problem, they represent the three centers about which the united efforts of the nation must converge. Motor accident figures, even at the end of a record six months' decrease in motor fatalities throughout the nation, are too high. The rate has come down in a few years from 17 to 13 deaths per 100,000,000 highway miles traveled, and the Automotive Safety Foundation aims at cutting three more units off this figure within the next two years. Working through the various national safety organizations already in existence, it hopes to provide funds for trained men to carry on local campaigns where safety education, engineering and enforcement are most needed. The curve of accidents does go downward, even though it goes but slowly. It follows the three E's—and the greatest of the three, because it includes the others, is Education.

TESTING public opinion has become an increasingly big and interesting business. Making the samplings is, of course, the first and most important job because the samples must represent population groups in proper proportion and the questions must be sound.

Vox
Populi

But more fascinating, and probably almost as important, is the analysis of the returns after they have come in. The *Fortune* "Quarterly Survey" for July attempts to break down the various elements that go into the support and opposition accorded President Roosevelt and his New Deal. Sampling opinion on special measures, such as TVA and the reorganization bill, presents a new political possibility. It is a means of direct democracy just as telegraph barrages are, and the old initiative, referendum and recall. The *Fortune* survey, however, shows clear limits to the desire for direct democracy. "Under ten out of twelve national topics the proportion of people having no definite opinion ranges from nearly one-quarter to nearly one-half; the other two subjects, upon which uncertainty is less, are Mr. Roosevelt in general, and his personality in particular. . . . Personality may probably be written off as a determining factor in Roosevelt's popularity, since even most of his opponents are self-confessed victims of his charm. It is his methods they suspect the most. His supporters, on the other hand, are the most heavily in favor of his objectives. . . ." The survey might be broken down to show to what extent people want to act themselves in Washington, and to what extent they expect their representatives to do their own best. The compromise between direct and representative democracy would still apparently be traditional, in spite of the increase in telegrams to congressmen.

THE COMMONWEAL feels and has many times expressed a deep interest in the agricultural part of our national life. Because the great bulk of the American Catholic population has been urban, relatively little attention, with noteworthy exceptions, has been given in Catholic journals to rural America; and yet its problems vitally condition those of the city-dweller. Furthermore, we can expect a great increase in the Catholic rural population if the slow movement of the last twenty years continues, in which the farm lands cultivated by Americans of English, Scotch, Scandinavian and German Protestant descent are slowly being absorbed by Americans of Polish, Slovak, Italian and other Catholic origin. Not only Catholics, but those city-dwellers who would prefer to see a continuance of the best American institutions in government and social organization rather than any surrender to secularist and totalitarian notions,

should also watch with great interest developments in our rural economy. For these reasons we have prepared this first special issue of **THE COMMONWEAL** devoted to rural life. We have tried to make it a balanced presentation; our chief regret is that we could find no opponent of Secretary Wallace's willing to try to formulate positively a non-New-Deal agricultural policy. Perhaps there is none. And yet, however much everyone may agree on the aims of the present Department of Agriculture, there is plenty of room for disagreement on means. But such disagreement is futile unless it includes a considered program for positive action—and such a program is still too difficult to find.

More Garden Things

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

SOME years ago—in fact during one of the darkest periods of a warning eclipse I had before the depression—it was my good fortune to have **THE COMMONWEAL** print a strong, if turgid, plea for more privacy in gardens. The old style lattice-work garden-house hastily covered with creepers, I felt, was not enough.

The thought was prompted by the accident that I had had at home once on the edge of a tide-water river. Where a garden normally is, behind the house, was a towering cliff. Cat-brier straggled unemptily over the top of the cliff and would sway in vagrom breezes half-a-house again above my lone chimney pot. That cliff top caused my little place, Cliffbourne, to lose its sun at midday. Water seeped from faults on the cliff's face, dripped from moss pads, and, with the aid of a little artifice, was gathered in a fish pond the size of a child's tub. Here various store fish died one by one because of something—possibly too pure water or not enough sunlight. Ageratum, however, was hardy enough to supply its purple-blue blossoms and dark green foliage for a border around the basin and some delicate phlox waved its pale horizon-colored bells and slender leaves.

Now, the house—a yellow, two-storied box with four equi-sized rooms to a floor, and a highly economical and efficient hot-air furnace that belched its heat into the small central hall at the foot of the staircase—had no windows at the back, toward the cliff. There was a vernal half-light there that would not have made windows worth their while for light, and they would, had they existed, have been conduits for the damp, moss-and-stone-smelling air—a delightful effluvium in which to be submerged in fair and warm weather, but obviously not the thing for the inside of a house, even with the dry heat of a hot-air furnace fed on driftwood.

Some rowboat-loads of pebbles gathered downstream at low water and floated up with the incoming tide. (It will be observed by the diligent reader that in all this there is a striving to give hints on the economy of nature, that is, on making the best of God-given *matérielles*, and on the conservation of energy: the latter, obviously, in the present instance, involved the use of lunar attraction for moving the pebbles from the little islands in the bay, rather than brute slogging at the oars; or, it involved knowledge, planning and patience, distinguishing marks of old waterside characters and gardeners governed more by a love of nature than by ego or athleticism.) These pebbles gathered at sunset, after the day's sweaty labors in town, and drifted upstream in the grey-blue dusk when stars hinted at twinkles in the east and, overhead, swallows still darted and gulls soared, and in the west, sparks flew upward from the dying conflagration of the day, and they made a pebbled parterre between cliff and house that let one walk or sit back there without the soles of one's feet soaking up moisture. It is an old, practical trick wisely employed in classic antique gardens where grass won't grow, and for other reasons. In some places, artifice in colored pebbles, or even tiling, is used; but for me, tide-level stones, some white, lucent and smooth, others green, or brown, or red, and curiously carved by the erosion of the waves and their knocking about, have a haphazard fascination preferable to too obvious artifice.

Old Claude Monet, who when I was a kid lived down the road by another riverside across the sea, had a trick of taking flower-seeds, scattering them with nature's fine abandon, and thereby, in places, having a riot of a garden. I did this with only scant success because, perhaps, I used too cheap seeds, which were poorly culled from weak plants and of dubious treatment since culling. Then I did not know, by years of settled trial and error, the likes and dislikes of the sun and soil in the scant third of an acre between cliff and river. Some expensive and touted grape vines that I put in, after terracing a side lawn, strictly as directed by the catalogue, died.

I did what I could for the birds, too, in the way of suet and crusts, and they of course may have kept the flora down to hardy, rooted things by filching the seeds when I was in the city; but that may be a mean suspicion, as they never did it in a manner which might be described as red-handed.

In a grotto on the cliff was a Barclay Street statue of Saint Francis, spar-varnished so it would stand the dampness. And in a flowery niche by the pool was a beautiful glazed figurine of a none too modest nymph, the most costly—in dollars—work of art then in my possession. This being stolen, it was replaced with a Barclay Street Vir-

gin, also spar-varnished, a Madonna of Lourdes, no doubt, as her only deliberate touch of color was a pale blue scarf.

Some odds and ends of garden furniture that could stand weather, and thereby had the unbeatable patine of weathering, some assorted boxes tastefully covered with plain canvas—and I, by the grace of God so poor that I had no choice, when not working, but to be either rowing, drifting, fishing, swimming, sleeping, sweeping, cooking, sewing, and/or, sitting in the garden eating, reading, thinking, chatting with, or looking in silence at, friends, found that by that cliffbourne I missed not much the busier pursuits of pleasure.

Red wine in plain glass jugs and dried figs strung on raffia could be had from the neighboring colony of sunny-eyed Latins. A famous middle-weight and medium-coloring actress and her mother came out to see me, one chastened since by what she has been pleased to call "an Act of God." "Danny" Hull, the architect; Douglas Williams, then the American Reuter man, and his very blonde little fiancée and her mother; one of the Field Artillery Colonels of the Rainbow Division, an admirable artist, and his witty wife; Roy Larsen, publisher and impresario; one or two of the more modest stock-brokers with their gay lady friends; and a young girl with bronze hair done in a simple knot on the back of her neck, dressed in home-made, extraordinarily becoming, simple, pastel-shade linen dresses, with bare legs and Keds—all these and others crunched around on the pebbles at various times. Whatever crumbs they brushed from their vest fronts, or laps, were scavenged promptly by birds.

The girl in the Keds came sometimes in the day, when I was off in the city. She tipped-in wild flower plants and tried her best to keep the fish in the basin from dying of the pure water or melancholy or whatever it was that ailed them, poor things!

In conclusion, lest the obvious be lost in tergiversations, it might be said, to repeat the burden of my article of long ago, a modicum of privacy is the thing to make a garden, however devised. All else is merely friends and furniture, or exhibitionism. A statue or two, mellowed with the green mold of bronze, or softened with the lichens, as perfect (under a magnifying glass) as snow crystals, that will spread in the cool places on stone and terra cotta, or else, as with my Saint Francis and Madonna, housed in a glossy amber aura of good varnish—these silently speak the human touch of loves loved unashamedly. Then garden is in tune with gardener and all in tune with stars and trees and peaceful things that are quite as fraught with life and meaning as are the things that burst with corporal energy. In this imperfect world, peace must be sought, it must be made; and it is never a static, or dead, thing.

The Present Farm Program

By HENRY A. WALLACE

IN 1932 a Catholic friend of mine gave me the two encyclicals, "Quadragesimo Anno" and "Rerum Novarum." In these two documents I found an unusual understanding of the profound social changes caused by modern invention and technology, and a clear and courageous recognition of the responsibility of the State for the general welfare. Leo XIII, writing in 1891, proclaimed that the State must be more than a policeman and that it must

make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the commonwealth, should be such as of themselves to realize public well-being and private prosperity. . . . For the richer class have many ways of shielding themselves and stand less in need of help from the State, whereas the mass of the poor have no resources of their own to fall back upon and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And for this reason wage-earners, since they mostly belong to that class, should be especially cared for and protected by the government.

In brief, it may be said then that Leo XIII forty-seven years ago came out vigorously on behalf of the government furnishing effective leadership in the economic and social sphere. He commended labor unions and the right of the government not merely to interfere on behalf of the general welfare but to furnish positive leadership in that direction.

Pius XI, developing the same theme forty years later, pointed out the desirability of the State not interfering in small matters and suggested that by confining its attention to the bigger issues,

it will thus carry out with greater freedom, power and success the tasks belonging to it, because it alone can effectively accomplish these, directing, watching, stimulating and restraining, as circumstances suggest or necessity demands. . . . Now this is the primary duty of the State and all good citizens; to abolish conflict between classes with divergent interests, and thus foster and promote harmony between the various ranks of society. The aim of social legislation must therefore be the reestablishment of vocational groups. Society today still remains in a strained and therefore unstable and uncertain state, being founded on classes with contradictory interests and hence opposed to each other, and consequently prone to enmity and strife.

With regard to this matter of harmony Pius XI suggests:

A reasonable relationship between different wages here enters into consideration. Intimately connected with this is a reasonable relationship between the

prices obtained for the products of the various economic groups, agrarian, industrial, etc. Where this harmonious proportion is kept, man's various economic activities combine and unite into one single organism and become members of a common body, lending each other mutual help and service.

With regard to farm hands and other workers who are at the bottom end of the wage scale Pius XI says:

Moreover, there is the immense army of hired rural laborers, whose condition is depressed in the extreme, and who have no hope of ever obtaining a share in the land. These, too, unless efficacious remedies be applied, will remain perpetually sunk in their proletarian condition. . . . Nevertheless, the immense number of propertyless wage-earners on the one hand, and the superabundant riches of the fortunate few on the other, is an unanswerable argument that the earthly goods so abundantly produced in this age of industrialism are far from rightly distributed and equitably shared among the various classes of men.

Thus the views expressed by both Leo XIII and Pius XI are against state socialism as the remedy for the situation they described. They were also against the laissez-faire policy of old-fashioned liberalism. They contended that the State should take active part in solving the problem but that the rights of individuals should be respected and that men as they associate themselves together in different groups should in their inter-group relationships act with a spirit of tolerance and forbearance, keeping in mind at all times the general welfare.

I have quoted thus at length from the encyclicals because it is my belief that our approach to the agricultural problem both in philosophy and in action has conformed with the social doctrine of the encyclicals in a rather remarkable manner. From the very start in 1933 all our efforts have been bent toward bringing about a reasonable relationship between the price of farm products and the price of other products. In early 1933, a wagon load of wheat, a crib of corn or a hundredweight of hogs would buy on the average only about half its customary quantity of city products. The fierce struggle for wealth and power in the economic and political field had pushed the farmer down to the very bottom. Our senseless raising of the tariff in 1930 had robbed the farmer of a considerable part of his market for exportable farm products. American psychology would not permit of any drastic lowering of our tariffs and therefore we had to take the

other alternative and cooperate with our farmers in producing less of those products which we formerly sold abroad. Thus it was that the United States Department of Agriculture, an arm of the State, acted on behalf of the general welfare.

In early June of 1934, when it appeared we might have a serious drought, I urged in public that our program be modified so as to make possible the application of the Joseph plan, or as it is more cutomarily called, "the ever-normal granary."

Also because of the terrific dust storms in 1934 as well as the results beginning to come in from the soil erosion stations, there developed a greatly increased public consciousness with regard to the damage which we had been doing to our soil by overplowing and overgrazing.

In both the spring and the fall of 1935 the Department of Agriculture had conferences with representatives of the forty-eight land-grant colleges to see what modifications should be made in our agricultural program in order to bring about the best results from the standpoint of soil fertility and sound farm-management. The recommendations which the college people made in the fall of 1935 indicated very clearly that from the purely scientific care of soil we should shift from the soil-depleting to the soil-conserving crops at least 30,000,000 acres of land.

We were ready, therefore, when the Supreme Court gave its decision in January of 1936, to shift our emphasis over to a soil-building program. Actually the program had always been to a considerable extent a soil-building one anyway. The process of adjusting our acreage to take into account the loss of a foreign market also results in building up soil fertility, and especially so if rewards are given for increasing the seeding of such soil-building crops as clover, lespedeza, alfalfa, etc.

In 1933 began the program of buying farm products at distressed price levels and distributing them to state relief agencies. During the past five years the Surplus Commodity Corporation has purchased a total of 3,000,000,000 pounds of food. Typically the purchase price from the farmer has been at less than two-thirds of parity, and so the farmer has had a prop under his prices at a time when ruinous levels had been reached and uneconomic results were being produced not only for the farmer but also for those city people dependent on the farmer. The people on relief who have received these 3,000,000,000 pounds of food have of course been greatly helped. In brief, this program has helped solve in part that ancient dilemma of food rotting in the fields while people were starving in the cities. By means of the Surplus Commodity Corporation we have in considerable measure brought food, which otherwise would have rotted, to the mouths of the people who otherwise would have been undernourished.

In February of 1938 the President signed the present agricultural legislation which continues the Surplus Commodity Corporation and the soil conservation work but which includes also the ever-normal granary and crop insurance. In addition to this legislation we also have marketing agreement programs which make it possible for farm cooperatives through the federal government to bargain effectively with dealers to bring about a uniform flow of their products to market. In all of these activities the fundamental concept is stable, balanced abundance which will best produce a continuous harmonious relationship between farmers and the rest of society.

Besides giving farmers better protection against drought, crop insurance will help us to get an ever-normal granary for wheat. The insurance premiums are to be paid in kind and the wheat will be stored up from the good crop years to be paid out in the form of indemnities in the bad crop years. In the case of corn we obtain the ever-normal granary by means of loans. In the good crop years the loans will prevent the corn prices from going as low as they otherwise would. Increased quantities of corn will be stored over from the good years into the bad years. In the future, if we have the ordinary run of weather it is to be anticipated that we shall normally have on hand at the end of the season about twice as much corn as has previously been the case. This means that we have a better protection against drought.

The corn will be stored on the farm, and it is to be expected that henceforth the more stable supply and price of corn will result in a more stable supply and price of livestock. Never again do I expect to see meat prices so high relative to the consumer's income as was the case during the first nine months of 1937. Those high prices were due to the extraordinary droughts of 1934 and 1936 which cut the corn yields per acre to a point 40 percent below normal. It will be a fine thing for both the farmer and the consumer if the corn loan mechanism of the 1938 agricultural bill will even out the supplies of corn between the good years and the bad years.

In the program of the Farm Security Administration which came into the Department of Agriculture in January, 1937, a strong effort is being made to help those landless farm people at the bottom of the economic pile who in some ways have been worse off even than the unemployed in the cities. Through a system of supervised loans we have enabled more than 200,000 of these people to increase their net worth from \$150 per family to over \$300. In Alabama three years ago 15,000 of these families had a net worth of only \$3 and now have a net worth of \$362. In those regions where the weather has been favorable the supervised loans which we have made

these people have been paid back with interest to the extent of more than 80 percent of the money due.

The Farm Credit Administration, which is an agency separate from the Department of Agriculture, has done a truly remarkable job of re-financing billions of dollars of farm mortgage indebtedness at a lower rate of interest. It has operated not with the farmers at the bottom of the economic pile but with those who have a certain amount of security either in land or chattels. At the close of 1937, 550 production credit associations had outstanding loans of \$818,217,225. This past year 1,365 loans have been made to farm cooperatives.

I do not have time to go into further details but suffice it to say that in the agricultural activities of the past five years we have steadily been using the power of the State to intervene on

behalf of a harmonious, balanced relationship between farmers and the rest of society. We have intervened on behalf of the long-time general welfare. By so doing I believe we have helped to bring about an accommodation between capitalism and democracy which will best perpetuate the American ideals which we all hold so dear. Democracy is not anarchy. Liberty is not irresponsibility. Freedom is not disorder. In a maturing civilization it is necessary that the State engage in a certain amount of discipline on behalf of the general welfare, provided freedom of discussion, freedom of the press, freedom of art, freedom of religion and freedom of science are in no way violated. I believe those Catholics who will study "Quadragesimo Anno" and "Rerum Novarum" and will compare the philosophy therein laid down with our agricultural program, will be astounded at the results.

Agriculture and Vocation

By JOHN LA FARGE

THERE is no longer need to prove that our nation faces disaster if all but an insignificant fraction of the American people are divorced from the land. The fact that a bare fourth of our population live upon the soil is exerting pressure in quarters where it would not be generally expected. It is one of the factors that contributes to the acuteness of our labor situation; and it profoundly affects our Catholicism. Vanishing farm ownership even among those who do live upon the land, causes alarm. In 1880, 25 percent of farmers were tenants; in 1935, 42 percent of American farmers were tenants. Tenancy brings definite evils within the agricultural realm, such as destruction of the soil, excessive mobility, wearing down of family morale. A vanishing rural population means an ever-increasing urban proletariat. More and more people are dependent immediately upon the will of another for their daily existence, with consequent loss of economic and with it social and political independence.

The issue is not concerned simply with providing food for the nation. Meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, butter and eggs may be furnished possibly in a system of highly concentrated agriculture, through industrialized or corporate farms, specialized technique, elaborate distribution. Scientists like to tell us we may some day dispense altogether with the soil, raise beets and cabbages in trays, as we now raise fowls in trap-nests. Nature's methods are too fickle and subtle to arouse much confidence in these schemes. But whether they are feasible or not, the argument for

agriculture as a way of life is rooted in things much deeper than the mere matter of providing food.

Where the issue lies was stated last November at the opening of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference in Richmond, Virginia, by Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States:

The burning concern of the Catholic Church with agriculture arises from the altogether unique relationship which exists universally between the agricultural occupation and the central institution of Christian, nay of all, civilization; namely, the family. . . . Throughout her history, the Catholic Church has instinctively felt a special kinship with the cultivators of the soil, and her enemies find cause of opprobrium in the fact that her sociological and economic teaching, even when expressed by Leo XIII, breathes, as it were, a rural atmosphere. The reason is not far to seek. The farm is the native habitat of the family. Industrial society works against the family and in favor of divorce, desertion, temporary unions, companionate marriage; agricultural society is characterized by the strength, permanence and unity of the marriage bond and the comparative rarity of its dissolution. . . . The farm family is the most important source of population growth. . . .

To discuss all that is involved in keeping families upon the land is to discuss the entire program of rural life. The agrarian program proposed by the Catholic Rural Life Conference does not aim at keeping everybody in the country. Such a project would not only be impossible, it would be undesirable, for there appears to be no reason for

interfering with a normal and healthy flow from the country to the city of those youths who find their vocation elsewhere than in agriculture. What the conference aims at, as has been repeatedly said by Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara and others of its founders, is to prevent total uprooting of families from the land—any family, all families. The conference also aims at creating, or at least urging the creation of, such conditions as will make it possible for families who are able and willing to do so, to return to the land.

If we can make it possible for families to return to the land, much of the problem of enabling families to remain on the land will have been solved. But as yet no such way appears to have been found. Many more steps will need to be taken before we find it; yet until it is found, we cannot talk of a solution to the agrarian question in the United States.

Let us suppose a family in one of our large cities, who are able and willing to return to the country and take up farming. What opportunity is there at hand for them to do so? There are many obstacles any couple meets with when they contemplate such a simple and obvious thing. If they wish to buy a farm—obviously on long-term payments—to live upon it and cultivate it themselves, they cannot just pick one up and start operations in the prevalent rural jungle.

Significance, if things were as they should be, would not lie in the fact that a large number of persons did actually return to the land. It would be that fit persons could and that some persons did return to the land; that the current had definitely set in toward self-subsistence even though but a few actually took advantage of it.

So far, very little, if anything, has been done by our state governments toward making such enterprises possible. What has the federal government accomplished?

The federal government's project in the Matanuska Valley, in southern Alaska, went through severe trials in its earlier stages, but is now reported as justifying the hopes that were placed upon it. Matanuska's success shows the immense aid that the government can extend to families able and willing to make good upon the land. The colonists were of varied background and experience and came into practically virgin territory. But with all due credit to the Matanuska project, and the credit is very great, it can hardly be considered an adequate answer to the query of how to make possible the return to the land. The question does not seem to be adequately answered if we are obliged to go far outside the limits of the forty-eight states; if we cannot find an opening for such persons upon the land that lies around us, near our centers of population, fairly close to civilization.

The government's various self-subsistence proj-

ects are likewise no answer to this question. The settlement at Arthurdale, West Virginia, in which Mrs. Roosevelt has shown such great personal interest, is a remarkable undertaking. Washington has spent upon it a minimum of \$1,600,000. A year ago 132 families were taken care of there, in comfortable homes built without stint by the Resettlement Administration. But the settlement has not yet been demonstrated to be self-supporting, and the same may be said of the several other West Virginia and North Carolina subsistence projects. With but 3.7 acres to each family, Arthurdale is not agricultural. Like most of these undertakings, it is rural housing enhanced by a useful garden. Where local industries can be combined with rural housing projects for partial self-subsistence, and the whole plan is made to pay its way, it is, of course, an admirable improvement over industrial housing as we see it. One of the first modern examples thereof was set on foot under Catholic auspices among the miners near Lyons, France, some twenty years ago. But it does not come to grips with the genuine agricultural problem.

We come, then, to the crucial question as regards government aid to land occupation. That the government would like to aid such movements, I assume. That the Department of Agriculture could aid them, if it felt free to do so, I have no doubt. But will our present systems of organized agriculture let the department do so? That one gravely doubts. It is evident enough why such opposition is shown by our major farm organizations to any serious attempt to open agricultural opportunity for families who wish to return to the land. I have positive information that it has been most categorically shown. The reasoning is simple enough. Farmers are too numerous as it is. They are troubled with overproduction and surplus. Such a movement, even on a moderate scale, would upset what balance between supply and demand they have been able to achieve.

The reasoning is clear. Within certain premises, it is irrefutable. But like other irrefutable reasoning it moves within fatally narrow limits. By claiming to settle one question it merely opens a much wider question: what, after all, is all our agriculture for? What of the system itself? Is it based upon genuine human needs, does it make for the common good, which includes the whole of man's nature, his spirit as well as his body, the family as well as the individual? Or is it based upon a short-sighted policy which bears within it the ultimate destruction of the nation through our social demoralization and our physical disappearance?

The problem, I believe, is insoluble without a revolutionary change in the very concept of agriculture. It means taking agriculture out of its

present state of complete subordination to commerce and putting it essentially in the realm of personal service to the community. It means basing agriculture primarily upon the idea of vocation and not solely upon that of a competing food-supply business. This does not mean divorcing agriculture from commerce. It will retain certain commercial aspects, national and international, for they are essential to the supply of certain modern needs. It does not mean abolition of business and legitimate profit. But it does mean that commerce and trade, business and profit, industrial organization and systematized distribution, as applying to agriculture, should be mere instruments, not masters, of the farmer's professional vocation.

The farmer's vocation, using the word in its true and traditional Christian sense, will be what it was originally, to supply the fruits of the field to his own family and to the community. Where the product is one that cannot be supplied locally, as with tropical fruits for the Northern States, they will be supplied to the nation. But the choice between local and national marketing will be based upon real needs of the locality or nation, not upon needs and desires created by reckless application of industrial methods to agricultural distribution. If those needs are to become rational, we shall need to tone down certain refinements of luxury. We shall keep our grapefruit, which is no longer a luxury, but we shall eat eggs and butter from within a hundred-mile area. The farmer will buy and sell; he will use modern machinery and technique whether of production on or distribution from his family-sized farm; but the principle from which this is done will be totally different from that which now so largely prevails. The vocation will lead to the vocational group, in which the interests of all parties to production and distribution of a certain type of product are harmonized—not only harmonized, but actually united in a common effort for the common good. Since the common good includes the good of the consumer, the latter's interests must be considered in the adequate organization of the vocational group.

Under such a system, ownership of the land will be rescued from the extreme of anti-social individualism, which leads ultimately to divorce from the land too selfishly held; and from the other extreme of collectivism. J. Maspons, a leader in the very progressive agrarian reforms that Catholics were instituting in Spain prior to the Civil War, wrote in *Iberica*, November 1, 1930:

You cannot reckon with the factor of the land, unless you reckon with the factor of the man on the land. . . . Not only economic but moral conditions are necessary in order to make good use of the right of property and to direct its exploitation.

Is such a revolution possible, for that is what it is? To an extent it has already begun. Reasons for saying this are not as unlikely as may appear. Obviously agriculture cannot by mere fiat be put upon a vocational basis, however powerful that fiat might be. The breakdown of the National Recovery Act taught us some lessons, for the country was socially and politically not prepared for such useful features as did exist in the Act. While the goal is in itself a revolution, its achievement can only be by an evolution. "No other form of human activity," says the Spanish writer just quoted, "offers such varied and complex problems as agricultural activity." What has happened in the United States is that a great variety of movements dealing with these complex activities have been set on foot, some of them under non-Catholic or secular auspices, some from Catholic initiative. Of themselves, in the natural process of time, these are destined to lay the foundation for the vocational concept of agriculture. These movements fall into several classes, all tending in one way or another to prepare for the vocational ideal.

First, there are movements which tend to restore the rural family and build up the farmer's own spiritual life through the rural parish, rural schools, all that goes to inspire a sense of vocation, a genuine calling from God in rural life. He is reminded that his natural vocation is an instrument of the supernatural vocation: his position as a member of the Church whose harvest is souls for eternity.

Then there are movements for the widespread distribution of private land ownership as the bulwark against the advance of materialistic collectivism and proletarianism. The abolition of land incorporation and the industrial farm, rescue of family farms from commercialization, and the reduction of absentee landlordism are some of the objectives aimed at. Such movements naturally tend to decentralize government and to decentralizes the exchange of food products, thus removing further obstacles to the growth of the vocational group. They tend toward the functional organization of rural communities, by means of which city and country learn to co-operate. Economic units are formed whereby producer and consumer are united in mutual aid.

Finally, there are the various types of cooperative enterprise: producers, consumers, financial or credit-union cooperatives. The producers cooperative and the credit-union are the first step toward any form of economic independence.

The consumers cooperative is not a panacea for all social ills. It has its definite limitations as to the type of exchange for which it is best suited, the degree to which it can be allowed to supplant socially useful types of private enterprise. Its ideas can be baneful if transferred too literally to the field of production, and still more if it be

allowed to usurp the functions of government. But within natural limits it can be an agent of immense good for the community as well as for the individual, as long as its motivating spirit, as in all types of cooperative, is that of mutual Christian charity—social charity, to use Bishop Muench's pregnant expression—and not the mere advocacy of a money-saving device.

If agriculture is to be restored to its rightful place as a vocation, it must be liberated from the bonds in which capitalism—in the evil sense—now holds it fast. No individual can perform this act of liberation; and apparently no government will do it. The cooperative movements are a powerful instrument of such liberation. How effectively they do their part when under a spiritual and not a mere commercial motivation is seen by the success of the Antigonish movements in giving independence, honor and a frugal prosperity to the well-nigh destitute fishermen, farmers and miners of eastern Nova Scotia.

In addition to the movements mentioned, there are also certain important achievements which partake in a limited degree of the vocational idea. Such, for instance, is the family settlement of the Reverend Francis J. McGoey, at King City, Ontario; Father Ligutti's settlement at Granger, Iowa; and the cooperative enterprise set on foot by Father A. W. Terminiello at Bolling, Alabama. While they may lack many of the strictly professional elements of the vocational group, these experiments are rich in its moral motivation. Such instances will multiply. They will learn from one another's experiences, as British Catholics learned when one of their most notable agricultural settlements was suspended owing to lack of proper vocational direction.

But the great contest is yet to come. Sooner or later farming as a vocation—spiritually moti-

vated in the Catholic philosophy of the family, and holding private property as a trust from the Creator—will come out of its hiding and face the issue with two incompatibles. Ranged against it is individualistic farming, organized, secretly tending toward collectivism through its very exclusivism. On the other side it is opposed by the openly collectivist movements, schemes for the generalized cooperative farm and the cooperative state. The die in this contest will be cast by the government itself, for short of a miracle in God's Providence it has the power to make or break American agriculture.

Cautious leaders like Dwight Sanderson, of Cornell University, president of the American Country Life Association, see the need of a change in "personal attitudes" from those which were practicable in pioneer days, if agriculture is to survive and create opportunity for all. American agriculture, despite its numberless organizations, is totally inorganic, and depends upon legislation to cure evils which could properly be remedied within a vocational organism. Agrarian interests are plentifully represented at Washington, but agriculture as such, as a vocation, is represented neither in our state nor in federal legislatures.

Where will our Department of Agriculture stand in the day of reckoning? Will the insistence of an O. E. Baker upon the family's paramount rights or the inward better thoughts of a Henry Wallace or an M. L. Wilson prevail against the all-powerful agricultural lobbies, and further the only course that will make it possible for America's youth to enjoy rightful opportunities in the use of the land? The answer to that question will in great measure be determined by the aid which American Catholics, clergy and laity alike, give to those of their brethren who are contending for the Catholic agrarian program.

Come, Sweet Peace!

Peace was in his dovecote hidden.
"Come, sweet peace, and share my cherries
In my basket fringed with lilies,
Lined with gilly-flowers and fern!
See! I shake my fringed basket
Till the cherries overturn.
Come, sweet peace, as you are hidden,
Peck my cherries in the fern!"

Peace was in his dovecote quiet.
"Come, sweet peace, delay no longer!
I have drawn from off my finger
All my father left for dower;
Bins of gold could never buy it.
You shall wear it for a crown.
Here's my gift. Oh, leave your tower,
King of birds! Sweet peace, come down!"

Peace was in his cote delaying.
"Should you deem, sweet peace, I cherish
Damask gown or sandals garish
These I'd change for beggar raiment,
Like a lamb would walk unshod:
Peace upon my shoulder staying.
Your content, sweet peace, my payment.
Down, come down, O bird of God!"

Peace within his dovecote hidden
Stirred not, heard not, unattending.
Mine was not the grace of giving:
His the gift and he the giver,
He the only comforter.
Flight is of his own foreknowing,
Like the early snow descending,
Like the Paraclete unbidden.

HARRIET SAMPSON.

Anniversary

By ALBERT EISELE

THE WEATHER had turned warmer during the night, and the morning broke with skies clear and a south wind blowing. It was a day in the second week in April; and it was, for Vincent, the day in which the year's field work was scheduled to begin.

Again it would begin, and for the eleventh time. Ten years lay behind him—ten years of married life, ten years of farming for himself, ten years of what? Futility? Sometimes he thought so.

He would begin the work directly after dinner. Until then, in the forenoon, there were the horses to be put in the barn and fed, the whiffletrees and eveners to be assembled and the disk to be greased.

Opening the stable door, he called the horses from the dilapidated strawstack at which they were nibbling. He fed and curried them: two were getting old and had not wintered well.

Even his horse force had undergone change in the ten years that had passed. Of the original five horses with which he had started farming in 1929, only two, the old ones, remained. Colic, sleeping sickness and lockjaw had accounted for the others. Of the two that remained one, Daisy, was a brood mare, and all the three younger horses in the stable were her colts. In recent years, however, Daisy had produced no offspring, though she had been bred hopefully each May or June.

His harnesses, too, showed the wear and tear of those first ten years. These harnesses he had purchased new and had oiled and repaired each spring, but now the reins were wearing thin, seams were opening in the traces, and the ends of hame straps had been chewed by rascally calves.

The horses harnessed, he began greasing the disk—unbolting the boxes from the axles and cleaning away the caked dirt that traced from last year's corn lands.

He had been unfortunate, of course, in making his start during the "high times." All his personal property—his livestock, his machinery and his household furnishings—had been acquired late in 1927 or early in 1928 and had, together with his new automobile, amounted to \$3,500; of which he had, at the time, paid all but \$1,200. The crash, in 1929, had found him with the \$1,200 reduced to \$900; but that \$900, in the form of a chattel mortgage, had thenceforth hung over his head for eight long years, since it was not until just recently that the chattel mortgage had at last been satisfied.

Perhaps, after all, he shouldn't complain: people who burned mortgages, as he had burned his (deliberately and critically, on the corn-cob blaze of the kitchen stove), ought to feel generally happy. But the burning of a mortgage was not always a sign that social security had been achieved: the ritual had only indicated, in his own case, that his personal property was at last unencumbered. Yes, his machinery was his own, his cattle, his hogs and his poultry were his own, and he could now address his horses, as did that vain little man in the fairy tale, "Gee up there, all my five!"

But that his personal property was now clear was in itself not yet sufficient. A farmer, to attain social security, needed more than his personal property unencumbered. What he further needed was land. Soil. A farm. And it was requisite that that farm be paid for, too. For it was not, as Vincent saw it, until a farmer was the absolute owner of a farm and the tools to work it with, that he could begin to breathe easier.

Well, he had made a start: he had the tools. All that he needed now was the farm. Would he ever acquire one? He often wondered. It had taken him ten years to clear his chattels. And those ten years had been the first ten years, years when he, in his thirties and early forties, had been in his prime—but they had also been years of nation-wide depression, of ten-cent corn, of Farm Holiday riotings, of droughts, dust storms and grasshoppers. Was it not a wonder, after all, that he had fared as well as he had? Many of his friends and neighbors, in similar conditions, had failed. But he—he at least was still in the game.

One could, of course, say that the farmer had the cards stacked against him, that the farmer could never get ahead so long as he was obliged to sell in a world market and buy in a protected one. And one could say, further, that a good man could go down in a bad civilization. But these were handicaps that Vincent had always recognized—he had recognized them ten years ago, had accepted them then with the determination that he would succeed despite them.

And he hadn't succeeded. He was a failure. A failure, and only that.

He began checking on the whiffletrees and eveners. In the meantime little Jerome, aged five, had appeared on the scene. Ah, the children, the children!—there were three of them, and to bring them into the world had constituted an additional drain on one's energies and resources.

"Papa," said little Jerome, placing a hand on the disk, "give me a ride on this six nine ten fourteen wagon!"

It was time for dinner then. And after dinner Vincent hitched his four horses and started away from the farmyard.

"Here goes for the year—in the name of God!" he called to his wife, who came out to see him go.

He drove through the cattle lot, then opened a heavy wooden gate and entered the stalkfield. He threw the disk into gear and the horses, responding to the suddenly increased load, stepped briskly down the field. The soil was friable, and the heavy disk, with its sharpened blades revolving at an angle, grubbed up the dark, moist loam and sliced into pieces the old stalks of the previous year's corn. The disk was a "twenty wheeler," as it was called—or, in little Jerome's words, "the six nine ten fourteen wagon." Vincent smiled again at this.

It was an extremely pleasant day: the air had warmed until, in the distances, the brown corn stalks swam in the heat. The balmy wind, which had shifted a bit to the southwest, brought with it the drone of tractors and the chant of frogs. The horses, soft and fat from the winter's idleness, began to blow and heave, with specks of foam forming here and there beneath the harness straps.

At the farther end of the field he paused, then, to give his horses a rest. Directly beyond the fence lay a country graveyard, utterly neglected save that recently Mike Bowman, who farmed the land adjoining, had burned over the heavy dead grass of last year's unmolested growth. Bowman did this each year—it helped control the grasshoppers, he said—and so now the cemetery lay as it lay each April, with the ground burned over and the leaning headstones temporarily blackened. The cemetery dated back to days of slower transportation: all the old settlers were buried there; and they slept in utmost peace, since it was only very occasionally that a new grave was dug within the almost-forgotten enclosure. The descendants of those pioneers had become few and scattered, but even they, it seemed, preferred to be buried in more pretentious places.

He drove on again. The old cornfield litter was as dry as powder and crackled under the pulverizing disk like fire. Bits of shattered cornstalk flew about, some striking against the disk with a musical sound, suggestive of a xylophone, and others flying in Vincent's face like bat-fowled sparrows. The work was pleasant: the field was a low-lying one, with no stones in it to dull the newly-sharpened blades and rasp the ear. He made three more rounds, then again drew up his horses for a rest.

The immediate rattling of the stalks ceased, but the countryside still was alive with sound. Dominant was the purr of tractors—an autumnal

sound, and one filled with sadness. For the earlier farm tractors had been used only for fall plowing, and to Vincent the purr of tractors, as he had first heard it fifteen or more years ago, was irrevocably associated with autumn and all the ineffable sadness of that season. The wind was almost laid, but came warmly in occasional surges, bearing on its bosom the chant of frogs. From a farmstead grove a cow bawled, the echo sounding, shrilly, from a second grove farther away. In the distance, too, could be heard the bell-like notes of some farmer driving steel fence posts, and from another point came the sound of metal being hammered—perhaps some farmer repairing machinery, or perhaps merely his small boy pounding on things: one could never tell, a small boy could make as much noise as his father.

The warm southwest wind again surged, and the chanting of the frogs swelled and intermingled with the drone of the tractors at work.

Maybe some day he would have a tractor. He hoped so. Tractors could "do a lot of work." But of one thing he was sure—he would never buy a tractor until he could pay for it. He recalled how it had been during the years of the depression, when each spring the farmers, always expecting higher prices in the fall, had bought tractors on shoestrings. Each April the roads were filled with new tractors, going out to the farmers, and each September the roads were again filled with the same new tractors (with the glisten off), going back to the dealers. It was laughable even at the time.

He resumed the work. To one side the disked strip, as he went back and forth, grew wider with every round. Most of the old cornstalks had been demolished, but those that survived pointed in the direction that the disk had gone—some to north and some to south, in a multitudinous thrust and parry. Here and there corn shucks which, when the ear had been picked in the previous fall had closed tightly upon the void (as if to hold the memory of the fruit), had now been cut asunder by the disk and lay, their inner leaves pink from the stain of winter, like blazing torches. Ahead a gopher sped across the path; the horses cocked their ears in inquiry, then plodded on again. Vincent, after several more rounds, drew up for another rest.

Across the fence the blackened headstones gave silent but eloquent testimony of some barbarous sexton—some terrible person who once a year stalked upon the scene and sent a wall of fire sweeping across the burial place. It was, indeed, as Tim McLandy, a neighborhood wit, had once said: "If those pioneers could wake up just then they'd think they'd gone to the wrong place!"

The chanting of the frogs hung persistently on the air. Near at hand along the fence a robin ran on invisible feet. And so on invisible feet,

too, sped the years; and it was always on the opening days of field work that one realized more fully that another year had passed, that the grey of one more year had come into one's hair. And so too, swiftly and on invisible feet, would pass the season that was just beginning.

The chanting rose and fell, but always it intermingled harmoniously with the droning of the tractors—intermingled and meshed, as it were, like gears, and meshed with all the precision and pleasing hum of the admirably wrought gears of the modern power units that moved speedily and gaily and efficiently up and down the nearby fields. The tractors were modern and the frogs age-old, but the voices of the two blended with a mystic beauty that lay upon the rural world like a benediction.

He drove on again; he worked for another hour or so, and then he noticed that several jack-rabbits had bounded forth for the evening's gambol across the fields. The hour was later than he had thought—a sheet of cloud had drawn over and obscured the sun, his timepiece. He drove to the gate and unhitched. From the farmhouse chimney poured the smoke of the evening meal.

His horses drank at the cypress watering tank, then went to their stalls and dropped their heads into the mangers to feed on the hay that was left over from the noonday rations. He unharnessed them, hanging the harnesses on the old familiar pegs. The horses crunched their hay with an audibleness that was distinct and pleasing, and the

sounds seemed somehow to give voice to the peace and comfort of the stable.

And then suddenly a very great peace and comfort came into Vincent's heart, a high happiness, which he immediately recognized as arising from the fact that the work which he had done that afternoon was good. The work had been good throughout the entire afternoon—it was simply that he had not realized it until now. And not only had the work been good, but he had enjoyed doing it—he knew now that he had enjoyed it. The crunching of the cornstalks under the disk—ah, that had been pleasant, though at the time he had taken it almost for granted! The dark loam freshly turned; the robin along the fence-rows; the drone of the tractors and the chant of the frogs; the wind from an inter-cardinal point—all these he had taken for granted, fool that he was!

The revelation of it all flooded his mind and his being—he was reassured; and grateful, too, that economic concern could not at all times blind one to the value of essential things. Work—ah, all was yet well when one could again be told that work was good! Through the stable window he could see the evening heavens—the sheet of cloud had lifted from the horizon and far in the west the sky, a long narrow band illumined by the setting sun, flamed along the rim of the earth like an oldtime prairie fire. And at this he clutched to himself all the more fiercely his newly found reassurance, only too cognizant that this ecstasy would, like the lovely sunset, fade too swiftly away.

Resettlement on the Last Frontier

By HENRY W. CLARK

ALASKA throughout its history has had the misfortune to be a theatre for experiments and a football of politics, chiefly at the expense of resident Alaskans. Probably this fate was to be expected since the acquisition of that great territory in 1867 marked the initial venture of the United States into the field of overseas colonization. Yet we have come a long way from the days when the bulk of our people regarded Alaska as a liability and accepted such appellations as "Ice Box" or "Walrussia" for the land. Informed persons know now that Alaska has contributed almost \$3,000,000,000 to our national economy, that her fisheries, mines and furs provide us with a steady source of supply; while her oil, lumber and other resources promise great potential wealth. We are beginning to appreciate the vast size of the territory and the great variety of possibilities for the future.

This has led many to refer to Alaska as our "last frontier," in the sense of a freeland where

any man may carve out his future. In this sense of "frontier," Alaska may become a haven for the unfortunate of the old world, but she has yet to prove her need to the United States itself, as an outlet for either surplus population or oppressed peoples. Conditions in our country even in times of drought or depression have not yet proved bad enough to force people to emigrate in large numbers. The Irish famines and German revolts of the mid-nineteenth century impelled large migrations overseas but that type of pioneer, who expected to hew the forest from dawn to dark without luxuries, to isolate himself from the ease of civilization, and to live at a low level of subsistence, is scarce and growing scarcer. The modern pioneer confidently expects government subsidy.

Operating along with this force has been the breakdown of the ideal agricultural economy; namely, the farmer producing his own goods for consumption and disposing of his surplus to cre-

ate a market for other commodities. The growth of farm tenancy and the industrialization of the farmer into primarily a one-crop (wheat or cotton, etc.), large-scale, specialized producer has combined to create a "rural proletariat" or farming class without soil.

This combination of forces brought about a demand for, and a need of, some policy of readjusting or resettling agriculture. The problem is a great one—so great that its correct solution may be the panacea we seek for all our social and economic ills. But to date its very immensity has been its worst drawback. In the hands of theorists, the rural problem has been attacked from a myriad of angles until it is difficult to know whether Washington has any clear idea of what it hopes to accomplish. Certainly the New Deal rushed into the Matanuska Valley venture in Alaska without proper forethought.

Ever since the opening of the twentieth century there has been a steady plea by friends of Alaska for settlers. Nothing came of this demand because our immigration quota laws restricted European immigration and there was plenty of land for our own people in the United States proper. The depression changed all this with the collapse in agricultural prices, followed by the drought and dust storms. Demand arose to aid the farmers of the Midwest and direct relief was extended everywhere in every form. It is no miracle that someone suggested coupling the Alaskan demand for settlers with the Midwest demand for relief. The wonder is that the idea did not appear prominently before 1934. Several claimants for the honor of launching the plan to colonize Alaska have appeared which leads us to the proper conclusion that the idea was spontaneous. But authorship was not so necessary at the time as leadership, and the latter seemed to have been sadly lacking in the early days of the project.

The first manager, Don L. Irwin, was chosen for his agricultural knowledge. Unfortunately, he could not bring this into play until he had solved the far more pressing problems of personnel, transportation, supply and pioneer construction. As a result, an efficiency expert had to step in to straighten out matters. He selected Colonel LeRoy P. Hunt of the United States Marines, who brought order out of chaos and exercised proper tact to silence complaints. When he turned the colony over to regular managers, it was so organized that it had possibilities of working. These managers are now handling the project, which is still almost as cumbersome as its name, the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, but seems practicable.

After fumbling the problem of leadership, the F.E.R.A. next fixed on the site of the colony too hastily and without proper investigation or con-

sultation with men who knew Alaska. It is probable that the Kenai peninsula, Tanana valley or Homer might have been a better selection than the Matanuska valley which was decided upon. Matanuska means "muddied water" and the early history of the project bears out the meaning. The site was chosen probably because it was on the government railroad, fairly near the ocean and accessible to markets. It required more clearing than other sites, and though the general climatic and soil conditions are good they are not of the best.

Moreover, personnel of the right type is most important in a new colony, and Matanuska could have had more suitable colonists if sufficient time and proper precautions had been taken in their choice. Instead the selections of three score farmers from each of the three states, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, all included misfits. A required medical examination would have eliminated two tubercular cases, a diabetic, arthritic and an angina pectoris, not to mention one wooden-legged colonist. Similar precautions might have prevented epidemics which developed soon after the arrival of the colonists. There were malcontents also, who could have been kept down by a fairer presentation of the prospects and by less ballyhoo in launching the emigration. The 200 families of colonists all supposedly on relief were hauled across continent in trains to be unduly fêted by over-zealous citizens of San Francisco, and in May, 1935, bade *bon voyage* on the army transport St. Mihiel, to the tune of massed bands.

Meanwhile haste had again wreaked havoc. Although the army transport provided every modern convenience far beyond the wildest dreams of the Mayflower passengers, still these twentieth-century colonists grumbled and complained. Their fancied troubles aboard ship became real and justifiable on arrival at Seward, Alaska. The Conservation Corps type of worker sent ahead to clear the land was not properly equipped to do his work and had not been given enough time to prepare for the settlers. The women and children were left aboard ship while the men went ashore to draw lots for their land, help clear it and prepare tents for living quarters. The first year in any new settlement is bad, but the accumulation of errors made Matanuska far worse.

There were strikes, confusion, and insufficient tents. The discontented settlers were forced to labor in the midst of heavy rain and with inadequate protection against the attacks of Alaskan mosquitoes, which are notoriously vicious. Threshing machines arrived a year ahead of time along with electric meat slicers and no power to run them or meat to slice; grindstones in abundance were received but no axes; horses without harnesses; plows without clevises; coffee without

grinders; stoves and sacks of cement to be ruined in the rain; sinks, bowls and paper towels, but no houses or medical attention. Measles and scarlatina broke out, to add to the confusion.

But the colonists by and large were of good stock, and they went about their work bringing some kind of order out of chaos. Even though they were living in tents and with no prospect of crops, they made their first summer productive. The men caught salmon and the women canned them. After all, the lot of these colonists was not so difficult. The government had paid all costs of transporting them to their new home, had contracted to house them in five months and supply them with machinery and data on soil, crops, weather, etc. Most important of all, they were granted long-term credit. Each colonist was given forty acres of land for which he was liable to the extent of \$3,000. No interest was charged against this for four years and only 3 percent after that time; the loan to be paid in thirty years. In addition, the government undertook to provide a community center with all conveniences, served by a railroad.

The Matanuska colony proved neither as successful as its backers had predicted nor as unsuccessful as many had expected. By the end of the first year, the colony showed a mediocre record. Fifty families of the original 200 had gone back to the States either because of illness, laziness, or failure to adapt themselves to their new conditions. The first reports of failure and complaints from the colonists received such a hearty reception in the States that they were magnified beyond their true worth.

While the colony was able to weather the trials of the first year, improvement was hampered by governmental red tape. Seventeen different federal agencies all exercised some authority in the valley. This plethora of bosses magnified difficulties and at the same time slowed up their solution. In the face of such handicaps the colonists worked out their own salvation fairly well. The 150 families left were capable and contented. A dozen native settlers came in to help fill up the gap left by the misfits who had departed in the early months of the settlement. The summer of 1936 found the colony well equipped, with all colonists housed, barns built, wells dug, and roads constructed and the land fairly well cleared. There was even a start at marketing some of their produce in Anchorage, the nearest coastal town forty-five miles away.

Numerous observers and tourists have visited the colony and brought back just as numerous impressions, probably reflecting preconceived ideas. Matanuska has been termed impossible because the vegetables are tasteless, it is too cold for corn and the winters are too long for practicable dairying. Others have praised the great size of the

vegetables and their popularity in the neighboring markets. Experts on Alaska, such as Father Bernard Rosecrans Hubbard, who has spent fifteen years exploring there, and Delegate Anthony J. Dimond agree it is a practicable plan and predict success.

There is no question that the land is fertile enough and that the climate is satisfactory. The winters are longer than those of Minnesota and the other states from whence the colonists were recruited, but not as severe. After three years the colony numbers 168 families, with the community center at Palmer complete in every way. This is the largest agricultural community in Alaska at the present time. The project was expected to cost the federal government \$3,000,000 (Dr. H. M. Colvin, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, April 18, 1938); by 1938 it had cost \$4,500,000 and was not yet completely self-supporting (Director Leo B. Jacobs announced May 10, 1938, that after October 1, 1938, the "Security development" income of \$75 per family would be discontinued, *ibid.*, May 11, 1938). The early mistakes undoubtedly handicapped the whole venture, and, what is worse, hurt future colonization. The bad publicity came at a time when Matanuska was news. Any subsequent stories of improvement will not obtain as great circulation. Matanuska may provide a nucleus for future expansion but Alaska is not ready for a similar colonization scheme until the territorial economy has been further developed as a whole.

Great and Small

Here in this coign, the very heart of June,
The bee's bell booming in the nettle-spires
Sounds louder than imagination's tune
Of the world's bells that rang to festal fires.

These midget galleons of blue airs that burn,
These peacock butterflies in dazzling arcs
Outsplendor in their real live concern
Venetian navies salvo'd by St. Mark's.

Down the long ocean-murmur of the leaves
Float form and color, rumors of old glories;
In cloud-dim dreams the summer's bosom heaves,
Confusing present deeds and ancient stories.

A rook goes over, a black-eyelash wink
On a still face asleep, that might awake
And drown in peals of laughter what we think
Is great and small . . . but it sleeps on; still shake

The nettle-spires with bee-bells, butterflies
Harbor, an eon hence, in nooks like these,
And admirals news and pilots of the skies
Are legends darkly whispered by the tree.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

Home Farm Machines

By HENRY TETLOW

THE ROOTS-AND-BERRIES philosophers born of every depression, who want to go back to living on the land the way our forefathers did a couple of centuries ago, depress me. They are own brother to the man who, when he goes camping, interprets the phrase "roughing it" as meaning he must make himself as uncomfortable as possible.

Any family that aims, as we do at Medlock Farm, to get as much of its living as possible out of the land must perforce make some delicate decisions: how much time and trouble is it worth to make or grow a certain thing, rather than to buy it at the store?

There are a lot more things we could produce at home, if the proper apparatus or materials were available for production. Tanning offers a good illustration. We raise most of our own meat, which means that from time to time we have a sheepskin, calfskin or cowhide, in the rough. There are ways of tanning these at home, but they are long, hard ways that have stood unimproved for centuries. Surely the growth of modern chemistry has made factory tanning easier. If it has, there is no reason why home tanning should not be easier too. Given the finished leather, it is a comparatively quick and easy job to make a pair of moccasins. There are dozens of other uses for leather about the home and the farm. But because we cannot tan, we buy all our leather products ready made. And as there is no local market for raw hides, the leather that ought to be a useful by-product of Medlock Farm goes to waste.

Much of the grease used in any home eventually goes to waste. With a trap in the sewage system it can be recovered. Soap is one of the easiest things in the world to make, given the proper apparatus. But the task of assembling that apparatus is just one of those things that take time and trouble. An alert dealer or manufacturer who would sell a complete assembly of kettles, plodders, molds, etc., with instructions for their use, should be able to develop a considerable market for his wares, especially if he teamed up with one of the makers of household lye, which is cheap to buy and infinitely less trouble than making your own out of wood ashes.

Some years ago I saw, in the catalogue of a famous toy store, a miniature electric furnace for baking pottery. A lot of farms, like mine, have china clay on them. Preparing clay for work, and shaping it into form, are comparatively simple, easy tasks that can be performed without elaborate machinery. But firing it is a chore. A wood-burning kiln is something to build, in the first

place. Thereafter it demands constant attention during firing, and enormous quantities of fuel. It is easy to conceive that with modern insulating materials, thermostats, and such like, electric kilns could be built that would do a cheaper, better job, thus furnishing thousands of farms with a valuable off-season by-product.

Speaking of insulation, progress has been made in the construction of small, semi-commercial cold storage plants, in which a number of families owns or rents separate spaces. But is there any reason why, where cheap power is available, such plants should not be practicable for the individual farm? With a good cold storage plant it would hardly ever be necessary for me to buy any food at all. At the same time much of the present work of canning, pickling and preserving could be eliminated.

Every so often we have a batch of hens culled out of the laying flock. Although it can be done, yet the stoutest heart fails at the thought of cleaning, cooking and canning forty or fifty chickens all at one time. Instead of selling them at sacrifice prices, they could be killed and hung in cold storage. There is hardly ever a time, despite our best efforts, that some small quantity of meat on any of the larger carcasses does not spoil. Cold storage would eliminate this waste.

Sugar is an important factor in modern diet. It is the one thing most farms produce least of. Honey and maple syrup are not 100-percent substitutes for cane- or beet-sugar. You cannot tell me that the processes of extraction and refinement are so elaborate that simple, easily operated, small home-use plants for producing beet- and cane-sugar are not possible.

So the list might be multiplied. This is not to say that a great deal has not been done in the adaptation of modern machinery to household needs: it has. If you doubt that, research the mail order catalogues. But much still remains. With me home-use farming is mainly an avocation. A smart industrial engineer who would devote time to the study of the problem would quickly visualize countless gadgets undreamed-of in my—shall I say?—superficial philosophy. He might even be able to do something about textile and garment making.

You may wonder why I have neglected that side of home-use production. Speaking for the Tetlow family, I have found the clothes budget for three women and one man too insignificant a part of the total to warrant much attention. Yet, if the home-use engineers will devise ways and means of preparing raw wool, cotton and flax for the loom, then home weaving may come into its own. There is plenty of room for home textile and clothing production: a suit that costs me \$45 retail, contains at the outside—and today's price on the farm—\$.68 worth of wool.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

HEYWOOD BROUN, who was recently reelected to the presidency of the American Newspaper Guild, has signalized his leadership of that important group by proposing the establishment of government newspapers. "Heil, Heywood!" is the Nazi salute tendered to Mr. Broun by an editorial writer in the *Herald Tribune*, who aptly, and very amusingly, points out that Mr. Broun, who is constantly on the war-path against everything that he considers to be "fascist" (and he finds it everywhere), is apparently now following a path first traced by Messrs. Hitler and Goebbels who came out for such a system years ago in Germany. To be sure, Mr. Broun has only suggested that the government should establish newspapers in those cities in which "existing newspapers are in the hands of single interests." But, as the *Herald Tribune* remarks, that was the way the Nazi control of the press began. After a certain number of papers directly owned and controlled by the Nazis had been set up, all the others were then "coordinated." The Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels himself, attends to the "coordination," with what results we know.

The spoofing of Mr. Broun by the writer in the *Herald Tribune* is deftly done; nevertheless, Mr. Broun is not the only journalist who has reached the point where he thinks that the American press is in need of reform. Of course, if Mr. Broun had distinguished himself, in his writings, for opposing the sort of control exercised over public opinion by the communists as vigorously as he has attacked the fascists and the Nazis, and the capitalistic régime, his record as a champion of liberty would be somewhat better than it is. However, the fact remains that undesirable as his proposed remedy may be, he has a case against the commercialized press which cannot be disposed of by giving him the Nazi salute.

William Allen White, of the *Emporia Gazette*, may be brought forward as a witness to uphold such a case, and even the New York *Herald Tribune*, I think, cannot easily laugh aside the testimony of so experienced a journalist. In an article in the *Nation* (for June 18) Mr. White very clearly traces the process through which in recent years the newspaper press has become "a business, a legitimate business which in certain of its higher realms may be reasonably called big business." The "merchandising of news" cannot help but be affected "with a strong property interest . . . and capital today or tomorrow always has a lively sense of its own advantage."

Of course, Mr. White does not say, or think, that there is anything really to be defined as a capitalistic "class conscious" conspiracy, or system, to control the press, by the owners of the great papers, and chains, and syndicates. The thing is more subtle than that. And more dangerous. As he writes, "The deficiencies of American journals in treating the news of what we might as well frankly if regretfully call the class struggle in this country are found largely in unconscious political atti-

tudes. It is so easy to 'policy' the news. Indeed, it is so hard not to policy the news when the news is affected with a vital bread-and-butter interest to the capitalist who controls a newspaper, great or small."

Moreover, in Mr. White's candid (and highly experienced) judgment, "Today we are faced with a new menace to the freedom of the press, a menace in this country vastly more acute than the menace from government." This danger he attributes to the growing power of the great advertising agencies, through which a very large part of the total mass of advertising reaches the press—and upon the revenue derived from advertising, of course, journalism as a big business absolutely depends. Now, in addition to being the channel through which advertising revenue flows to the press, the agencies "have lately become advisers of great industrial corporations, which also advertise. These advertising agencies undertake to protect their clients from what the clients regard as real dangers from inimical social, political or industrial influences. As advisers, the advertising agencies may exercise unbelievably powerful pressure upon newspapers. There is grave danger that in the coming decade, as social, industrial and economic problems become more and more acute, this capacity for organized control of newspaper opinion by the political advisers of national advertisers may constitute a major threat to a free press."

The *Herald Tribune* cannot readily laugh away that sort of testimony, just as it may spoof Heywood Broun's suggestion of government papers. But there is a way out—the way blazed by the *Christian Science Monitor*. If independent groups should set up and absolutely support strong, free papers, the one-sided influence of the commercialized press would be corrected. If American Catholics, for example—but that is another, and too complicated, story for the tail-end of a column.

Communications

POLISH PROBLEMS

Orchard Lake, Mich.

TO the Editors: I have just read a grossly mistaken article on the "Polish Problems" in the issue of June 3, 1938, of THE COMMONWEAL.

I prescind from all political observations contained therein, not that I feel that they are unanswerable, but that it is less becoming for my calling to dabble in political matters. My sense of truth and justice does, however, spontaneously and strongly protest against untruthful and evidently malicious statements made by the anonymous author in the said article while discussing Church problems in Poland.

The author is trying to propagate among the Catholic intellectuals of the United States the false idea that the Catholic Polish hierarchy instead of working for the good of the Church is using its ecclesiastical influence as an expedient toward the attainment of political ends—viz., in the so-called "Latinization" which means "Polonization" of Ukrainians, in violation not only of the Minorities Treaties but of Catholic principles, as the author himself states.

Now let me pause to restate his charges:

(1) It is scandalous, but true, that Polish Catholics have been all too willing to lend themselves to the political purposes of the Polish State.

(2) Missions are established to convert "Ukrainian Catholics."

(3) In the purely Ukrainian Eastern Poland the government has built of recent years ten Latin Churches, and there are eighteen more under construction.

(4) Landlords bring pressure to bear upon their tenants to embrace the Latin Rite, employers give their employees to understand that refusal to turn Latin means dismissal from work, and so on.

(5) For years Ukrainian clergy have been insulted and assaulted without redress.

(6) Ukrainian devotional books have been confiscated.

(7) Ukrainian soldiers have been prevented from attending their own Byzantine church.

(8) There have been cases of Polish teachers who have forbidden their Ukrainian pupils to use the age-old Ukrainian greeting, "Slava Isusu Chrystu" (Glory be to Jesus Christ), substituting a Polish greeting devoid of spiritual significance.

(9) Archbishop Twardowski, Latin Archbishop of the Ukrainian territories, in the past fifteen years raised the money and built 300 Latin churches, which means fortresses of Polish nationality in the territory peopled almost entirely by devout Ukrainians in union with Rome.

These statements, purposely repeated from the said article, I wish to brand as falsehoods, which cannot call for a serious discussion, nor is any clarification necessary to those who have been in Poland and who are aware of the religious conditions in that territory of Poland about which the author of the paper writes. For the enlightenment of those who are not cognizant with the true religious conditions over there I will make only a few remarks:

(1) There is no so-called Ukrainian territory in Poland, where side by side with the Ukrainian you would not find also inhabitants who are of purely Polish nationality—and glory be to God that those Polish inhabitants over there are building churches and are trying to recuperate and reestablish their Catholic faith, persecuted and downtrodden by the hundred years' long oppression while under foreign government.

(2) There are hundreds and hundreds of Polish Catholic churches confiscated by the czarist government, especially after the bloody crushing of the Polish insurrection of 1863, and transferred to the Ukrainian Schismatic Orthodox Church in that territory. The Catholics cannot, even now under the Polish rule, reclaim these churches, even in cases, which does not happen seldom, where they serve but few Schismatic parishioners. These Catholics are obliged to build for themselves new churches, if they will have them, and this is an improvement over by-gone years in as much as the building of churches was forbidden to Catholics in the days of the Russian czars.

(3) Some Catholic missions established in this so-called Ukrainian territory in Poland are the work neither of the government, nor of the Catholic Poles, but of the Holy See under the guidance of our present Holy Father, who

is especially interested in the religious welfare of these people. The purpose of these missions is to convert Ukrainian Schismatics, who constitute a great majority of Ukrainians about whose existence the anonymous author in *THE COMMONWEAL* makes no mention, as if trying to impress upon his readers that missions are established to convert Catholics of the Byzantine Rite to the Latin Rite.

(4) Ukrainians belonging to the so-called Uniate Church, that is, to the Byzantine Rite, which is in union with Rome, cannot be led into the Roman Catholic Church, that is, to embrace the Latin Rite—as the author boldly asserts—because such conversions are most categorically prohibited by a special law of the Holy See, which has its Apostolic Delegate in Warsaw to see to it that its provisions are executed. This law permits the Latin Catholic, even a priest, to embrace the Byzantine Ruthenian Rite, but not vice versa under any circumstances.

(5) Every Ukrainian Schismatic wishing to adopt Catholicism for his own is obliged, according to that same provision, to avail himself of the Byzantine Ruthenian or Russian Rite, being barred under all circumstances from the Latin Rite without permission of the Holy See.

(6) In the face of such ordinances, the missionary work among Ukrainian Schismatics in Poland is entirely in the hands of so-called Uniate Ukrainian priests, and not in the hands of the Poles, who are obliged to change their Latin Rite into Uniate Ukrainian Rite, if they wish to join that missionary movement.

(7) Practically all primary governmental schools in the territory inhabited by Ukrainians are conducted in the Ukrainian language by Ukrainian teachers whereas religious instruction is imparted by Ukrainian priests, who are paid for this work by the Polish government, and who are under the supervision of an entirely independent Ukrainian Church hierarchy.

(8) Owing mainly to the liberality and support of the present Polish government, against even clamorous protests of Polish nationals, the Ukrainian spirit has been enhanced, their cultural attainments strengthened, their material private and Church possessions have been augmented. But they should not proceed too far in their aggression and not take offense at the very fact that the Polish Catholics in Poland are also making efforts at least to regain and hold their own by building churches where a dire need of them is felt.

(9) If I may make use of what I have heard from a serious, reliable, devout and Catholic-minded priest from the diocese of Bishop Twardowski, the Latin Catholics have lost more than 1,000,000 members in that region due to want of Catholic churches with the Latin Rite. Has the Bishop then had no right or obligation to build Catholic churches?

These are my remarks, and they carry my conviction of their truth in contrast to the false statements, which I have been impugning. I will go a step further by offering a reward of \$1,000 from my resources to the author of the article in question if he can prove the truth of his statements to an impartial group of persons who are acquainted with the state of the case.

VERY REV. ALEXANDER SYSKI.

Points & Lines

The Outlook for the Czechs

THE PROBLEM of Czechoslovakia continues to haunt the European chancelleries and everyone vitally concerned with the maintenance of peace in Europe outside the unhappy Iberian peninsula. With the municipal elections peacefully out of the way and negotiations proceeding on a new minorities statute, there is a lull in the agitation on the Czech question. But well-informed observers are agreed that the problem, which is the key-stone of European peace, is still pressing for solution. The direction of Germany's intentions at the moment is obvious. According to a Reuter dispatch, Rudolph Hess addressed a mass meeting at Stettin in Herr Hitler's presence to this effect:

It is apparent to all, in the first place, that this state—Czechoslovakia—is not in a position to maintain calm and order within its own frontiers or to protect the lives of its citizens. Secondly, this state has become a source of danger to the peace of Europe. It is a threat to the peace of Europe when a mobilization is suddenly ordered without the slightest reason. Europe and the world owe it solely to the Fuehrer, with his splendid nerve and his boundless love of peace, that this dangerous game has not resulted in a catastrophe.

And it is not only among the 3,500,000 Sudeten Germans that disaffection is actively fostered according to the *Manchester Guardian*:

While the German papers continue to publish constant polemics . . . , the German wireless stations send short-wave Slovak broadcasts at least three times every day, urging the Slovaks of Czechoslovakia to fight for Home Rule and to resist the central government.

There seems to be increasing doubt as to the possibility of Franco-British armed support. For instance, Jacques Madaule writes in *Esprit*:

The Czechoslovak difficulty is fundamentally a Franco-German question. And this Franco-German question is that of the status of Europe. Czechoslovakia is the last remaining bastion of French Europe, such as it was conceived by the authors of the Treaty of Versailles. She remains so, not so much because of the boundaries that were assigned to her as because of the rôle we have had her play. We must renounce the idea of hegemony and that means we must allow Czechoslovakia to seek her salvation by other means.

England seems to view the possibility of Czech partition with even greater equanimity, if one is to judge from the *London Times*, which is close to Downing Street:

What remains to be done is to . . . allow the Sudeten Germans peacefully to express their own views as to their future. Self-determination is the principle upheld by the makers of the peace treaties, by the League of Nations and now by the Germans of the Reich in behalf of their kinsmen in Czechoslovakia. . . . All countries concerned are partly responsible for the present impasse and all of them should now combine to find a settlement which can only be durable if it coincides with the wishes of the population immediately concerned.

R. W. Seton-Watson is slightly more hopeful in *Foreign Affairs*:

Czechoslovakia has already carried minority rights farther than any other country, though not far enough to satisfy certain just grievances of the German minority. Her government, with the sanction of public opinion, stands committed to concessions so far-reaching that if they were applied throughout Europe they would take the real sting out of the whole vexed minorities problem. . . . With good will on the part of both Prague and Berlin an honorable compromise can be reached.

Observers believe that even without French and British aid the Czechs would resist attack, so the maintenance of peace rests squarely with the Third Reich.

The Governance of Rulers

FOR THE benefit of those who might desire a few hints on the practical aspects of government, we reprint the following from the published testimony of Mayor Hague in federal court. Our first extract concerns his fellow Democratic leaders in Jersey City:

Q. And who are the other leaders in those clubs that you just mentioned, could you remember them? A. The First is Commissioner McGovern, Billy McGovern; the Second, John Kenny.

Q. What is his job? A. He is a Freeholder. We take good care of them. The Third, County Register William J. Sullivan; the Fourth is former Sheriff John Coppinger; the Fifth is Michael Scatturochio, he has no position at all, he is the contractor.

Q. How did that happen? A. I suppose he finds it more profitable without a position. The Sixth is . . .

Our second relates to the renting of halls by persons displeasing to those holding office:

Q. Well, now, do you conceive it as part of your duty to discourage the granting of halls to people of that type ["un-American"]? A. No. A mere expression from me, Counselor, is sufficient to men who has been associated with me, men who has lived in the city all their lives and who on numerous occasions have had talks and associations with me, that is sufficient for them to feel that they are not working within the proper scope, if they encourage groups of that kind, when they know that the officials of Jersey City are distasteful to that type of gatherings forming in Jersey City.

The third relates to the press. Counsel had just asked Mayor Hague whether Haddon Ivins, managing editor of the *Hudson Dispatch*, had a state, city or county job.

A. Yes; he is a librarian; makes a very good one, too.

Q. Yes. What about the *Jersey Journal*? Is that a paper that by and large you would think is pretty good writers, as you say? A. Well, that's a Republican paper.

Q. Well, it might still be good writers, might it not, Mayor? A. Well, it is a very consistent paper it has been in our city for a great number of years, fifteen or sixteen years.

Q. And it is a reliable paper, is it? A. Yes.

It was then brought out in testimony that Judge Dear, owner of the *Jersey Journal*, had been for many years a member of the Court of Appeals, and that the wife of John Rickett, reporter for the *Journal*, held a position in the courts.

Q. Now, Mayor, the *Observer* is a pretty reliable sort of paper from your point of view, isn't it? A. Yes.

Q. Does the *Observer* hold the contracts for printing of public documents of any kind such as ballots? A. They run an independent printing concern. Of course, they bid on all types of printing; if they obtain contracts, it is because of competitive bidding.

Q. And do they print the ballots? A. Frequently, yes.

The Stage and Screen

On the Rocks

THE FEDERAL THEATRE has put its best foot forward in its presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "On the Rocks." It has done everything that could possibly be expected except to present the play in a house where it can be properly heard, for in Daly's Theatre the acoustics are abominable. Its cast is an excellent one, not only for the Federal Theatre, but for any Broadway production. In perhaps the world's longest rôle, Philip Bourneuf, made up to look like Shaw himself, is letter perfect, and gives an excellent performance of the Shavian Prime Minister. Harry Irvine, the original Becket in "Murder in a Cathedral," proves that he can play comedy as well as tragedy by his beautiful enactment of the Labor leader, and fulfils the impression he created three years ago that he is one of the finest actors on the American stage. It is time that Broadway managers realized it. Other admirable performances are given by Estelle Winwood, Mervin Williams, George LeSoir, John Lynds, Edward Forbes, Lyster Chambers, Doan Borup, Donald Arbury and Victoria Horne. The play is well directed by Robert Ross and the setting of the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, by Edwin J. Schruers, is all that can be asked for. The Federal Theatre is to be congratulated—rather more than G. B. S.

No play by Mr. Shaw can be wholly dull. "On the Rocks" has its amusing moments, and much in its speeches is meaty and well phrased. But, alas, they are speeches, and "On the Rocks" is not a play. There is to it no story development, no cumulative dramatic interest, no arrangement or subordination of the parts. Ideas, arguments, witticisms, polemics, are thrown in higgeldy-piggeldy, without arrangement or preparation. Of course there is no characterization. Outside of "Candida" and the figure of Saint Joan there never has been with Shaw. His people are always either manifestations of himself or stock figures. His self-manifestations are usually amusing, as are some of his stock figures, but as he gets older the latter, at least the amusing ones, become fewer. In fact the older he gets the more devoted he is to himself. In "On the Rocks" that devotion comprises at least three-quarters of the play, for the Prime Minister practically never leaves the stage, and while he is on it gives no one else a chance to say anything—except the Labor leader, who is also Mr. Shaw. The latter Mr. Shaw is always amusing, but the former, and the omnipresent one, is often only garrulous. The meaning of the play is difficult to discover. Apparently Mr. Shaw in some vague way is looking to the coming of a British dictator to make the stupid British people act as G. B. S. believes they should act. He mentions the name of Mussolini once, though not the names of Hitler or Stalin. Perhaps that would be bringing Shavian ideas too close to earth and reality. It is to be wondered what a British dictator would do to the plays of George Bernard Shaw. Or to any plays which stand ideas on their heads, even in the service of what the author insists is common sense. It is to be feared

there would be a burning of the books and those of Shaw would be in the center of the flames. If by chance his ideas should triumph he would be the first to be hoisted by his own petard. (At Daly's Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

With Their Eyes on the Box-office

AFTER all the ballyhoo and fuss, "Blockade" can now be seen; and you can judge for yourself the truth of the statement that it was necessary for United Artists to send a print of the film to Franco's agents. The *Nation* went so far last week, even before they had seen the picture, to devote a column to commending Walter Wanger's courage in producing "Blockade." That magazine said, "It is widely rumored that the Legion of Decency and the Catholic Church will give Mr. Wanger a battle." The Legion of Decency classifies it separately with a non-committal warning, and the problem of propaganda it presents is, indeed, a new one for the careful movie industry. It could easily grow much more serious and difficult to handle than that of straight cleanliness, if this powerful means of communication should be turned to less equivocal propaganda for ideological causes.

The plot is thin and concerns Madeleine Carroll as a spy who repents when she realizes the suffering she is helping to cause. Her acting will create no sensation. Henry Fonda, John Halliday and Leo Carrillo make up for Miss Carroll's cold performance. No side is definitely named but the incidents are undoubtedly based on the air raids on Madrid and the besieging of the Basque country. There are some excellent shots of hungry "Spaniards" as they watch the sinking of the relief ship that is to bring them food. But whatever propaganda there is, is disguised, and that self-contradictory fact, together with the fact that the movie is unconvincing, prevents its having much polemical importance in itself.

Warner Brothers seem certain to make money on their new opus, "White Banners." Scene after scene fills one's eyes with tears. In fact, the eyes are filled with tears so often during this picture that they have a difficult time seeing what is being put over—perhaps it is just as well. Every trick to play on the emotions is tried. If you like the other novels and pictures by Lloyd Douglas, "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Green Light," you'll like this. Splendidly cast with such important players as Fay Bainter, Claude Rains, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, and packed with platitudes and homely scenes, "White Banners" will get you if you don't watch out.

The trouble with "Men Are Such Fools" is that Wayne Morris is such a completely stubborn, bull-headed, selfish fool in this picture based on the story by Faith Baldwin that a girl would be even a greater fool to fall in love with him. Priscilla Lane, as the girl, whose rise in the advertising field is a little too meteoric to be convincing, and Wayne Morris, as another star in the same field, haven't much to work with in this plot that is all mixed up with love and ambition and careers and false standards. Even with the help of Humphrey Bogart and Hugh Herbert, these two young people can't make something out of a story that isn't any too sure of itself in the first place.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

Back to the Land

We Farm for a Hobby and Make It Pay, by Henry Tetlow. New York: William Morrow and Company. \$2.00.

ANY SUGGESTION of a return to the soil carries with it a wealth of happy association and nostalgic appeal. Those of us who had any childhood experience of country life are likely to look back at it with fondness: the natural beauties of the countryside, the peace and calm of country life, the generous country meals, the healthy country appetites which make the meals seem even better than they are, the fishing and hunting and straw-rides and sleigh bells. This warm glow which surrounds country living is always a part of a back-to-the-land movement, and it always tends to obscure the other side of the picture—the manual and mental effort that must be made if once is to live successfully in the country. No one can condemn the hard work that is involved; but very few appreciate how hard the work is and are willing—or able—to do it.

Mr. Tetlow's book should have been called "We Manage a Farm and Make It Pay." As he makes clear at the very outset, part of his purpose six years ago when he decided to try to make his country home provide his family's food was to keep on the hired man, whom he had employed for some time, and whose dismissal would have meant adding one more family to the ranks of the unemployed. In addition to this, Mr. Tetlow had—and has—a family business, which of necessity must take up a large part of his daylight hours. Yet he says: "It would be perfectly possible for me to do all my own farm work with no extra help beyond the necessary contract labor done with teams or tractors and heavy machinery. I do not do it because there are other things I would rather do; and because it would prevent my secondary objective: keeping on my hired man."

Thus Mr. Tetlow's book is not intended as a guide for the industrial unemployed who seek to rehabilitate themselves on the land; it is not even intended as a guide for some city-dweller who might feel that he preferred farming as a "way of life," although much of the simple, homely advice it offers can be helpful. It is rather a book which shows what an intelligent family having some resources at its disposal can do toward making itself self-sufficient on the land, and it shows the advantages of trying to accomplish such an end. The number of those who can afford to "farm for a hobby" is limited, yet there must surely be at least a million such families in the country, and any change in living habits which can, potentially, affect a million families has a certain importance.

There are parts of Mr. Tetlow's book which will undoubtedly irritate those whom he describes as being of the "nuts and berries" school—the devotees of the simple life. His criticism of the ideas of Ralph Borsodi must be a trifle irritating to faithful adherents. And since he uncompromisingly favors one's selling one's surplus products, we may expect professional farmers to look askance when they read his book. Then, too, in so far as Mr. Tetlow encourages totally unequipped persons, with little ingenuity, less patience, and no knowledge, to try farming, he does the public a disservice. Yet he himself foresees this danger and warns against it explicitly.

To anyone who liked the realistic, pleasantly hard-boiled and frequently vivid style of writing developed on the old *American Mercury* under the directing hand of H. L. Mencken, "We Farm for a Hobby" will be a welcome and delightful account of what can be done through the use of some imagination, native wit, and patience toward making a middle-class family enjoy the advantages of part-time, subsistence farming. No reader, certainly, can complain that the book is dull or ill-written. And that it is quite frankly written by and for persons having some material resources is not a just ground for sneering at it. After all we are besieged with proposals for the alleviation of the condition of the underprivileged—proposals which, most of them, are written and read by the privileged. Why, then, may not one of the privileged write something which may be useful to people of his kind?

One of the pleasantest aspects of Mr. Tetlow's book is its freedom from anything doctrinaire. He is not a distributist. He uses machinery to the full, and he does not hesitate to buy from a mail order house. As has been said, he is no follower of Ralph Borsodi. It is with some reluctance that he describes the wider social implication of his own experience. And in this day of universal tendentiousness, what a relief it is to read something which attacks an economic problem without *parti pris* and without allegiance to any theoretical program!

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Connecticut: A Guide to Its Roads, Lore and People. Federal Writers' Project of the W.P.A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THE CONNECTICUT volume of the excellent W.P.A. writers' American Guide Series is uniform with the other New England guides and has the same virtues of excellent photographs, sensible history, good architectural appreciation, social awareness and remarkable fullness. Any particular place one happens to know well necessarily seems treated somewhat sketchily, but added up, the guide certainly tells an immense amount about the state. The style and authority of writing varies; the intrinsic interest must depend upon the reader's taste. Most, I believe, would prefer somewhat more about fauna and flora and such (except that geology is treated well and at length), and less antiquarian lore about houses and their old occupants, but then, New England visitors have a reputation, and the antiquarian intelligence in sum and by repetition effectively teaches history. The mixture of styles leaves one at times where one doesn't know, but where one feels nostalgic for the set Baedeker. In "New Haven," for instance, "shortly after their arrival the settlers gathered to adopt a Plantation Covenant, binding themselves by signature to be governed solely by the laws of Moses. This code of authority sufficed for a year, when more permanent laws seemed necessary. . . ."

P. B.

FICTION

Man's Courage, by Joseph Vogel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE AUTHOR'S good sense of humor and of balance saves this proletarian novel from becoming the most depressing book of the season. "Man's Courage" is the title; but man needs much more than just courage to stand up under these hard times of unemployment; and Adam Wolak, the strong, the Pole who has been in this country eighteen years, Adam of "heroic caliber," who

thinks he has struck bottom and can't sink lower, discovers, before he does sink to a new low and is "smashed-up completely," that strength and fortitude are not enough.

Joseph Vogel describes, with sympathy that never approaches the sentimental, the circumstances of Adam's steps-going-down. There are a rawness and lustiness in his prose that hurt; and there are a clarity and understanding of the people and events surrounding Adam that make the reader realize here is the real thing. In fact, Vogel's pithy characterizations give this novel its great strength: the bouncing energy of the citizenship teacher, the fantastic ideas that play in the head of a man out of work, the barrier between Adam's wife and the relief worker, the meanness of Swida, the landlord who evicts Adam, and who is "like a sponge that sops up only dirty water," the relief interviewer whose evaluations were colored by his like or dislike of the applicants' mustaches. All these and many more details humanize this story that reads like a modern Greek tragedy. "Man's Courage" is a lively and thoughtful novel that might seriously be read by social workers, students of relief problems, and those who are interested in important American fiction.

PHILIP HARTUNG.

Death Solves Nothing, by Margaret Sothorn. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.

DEELY as we all are in debt to Sheed and Ward for the publication of many magnificent books, it seems to me that, in their fiction, they too often try to temper the wind of propaganda to the shorn lamb by means of the whirlwind of sensational melodrama.

This story is about Sophia Kotulinska, an aristocratic half-Polish and half-German girl who falls in love with Fiodor, a charming and gifted attaché at the Soviet embassy in Paris just at the moment when, disgusted with the brutality of the Nazi terror, Communism seems to her the only alternative. A Catholic of a lax sort, she is infected by Fiodor's idealism which represents the Bolshevik scheme as the harbinger of practical Christianity. She becomes a successful spy in Germany and marries Fiodor when he is appointed to an important diplomatic mission in the Near East. But when her Catholicism revives, she makes Fiodor promise to have their marriage solemnized by the Church, upon which, being overheard by the villain of the piece, Dimitri Petrovich, she is ordered to report to the authorities in Russia. When she refuses, she is murdered—and Fiodor is left to a choice between religion or vodka. The description of Nazi Germany and of the German character is well done; yet though the book runs to only 272 pages it is too long. A skilful writer might have turned what is a rather poor novel into a good short-story.

JOHN KENNETH MERTON.

RELIGION

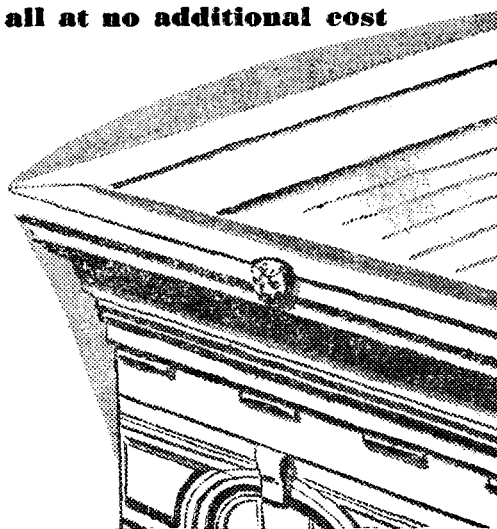
A History of the Expansion of Christianity. Volume II: The Thousand Years of Uncertainty, by Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THIS second volume in the proposed six-volume series of the missionary expansion of Christianity from the time of Christ to our own day, gives us a truly panoramic view of the thousand years that spanned the period from the beginning of the sixth century to the dawn of the sixteenth. It portrays specifically the missionary efforts of the Middle Ages, taken here as the period that flows onward from the break-up of the earlier Roman Empire

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE 34TH STREET

**storing furs
under the
Altman roof
is like returning them
to natural hibernation**

- below freezing temperature
- constantly moving air
- complete safety, protection
- dust and moth larvae removal
- satisfaction and service our
name has always guaranteed
- all at no additional cost



to the beginning of the modern world. Roughly, it is the story of the infiltration of tribes and nations into the lands of Europe, their establishment and habilitation, and the subsequent beginnings of the modern nations of Western and Northern Europe. However, world-wide as is the scope of the work because of its missionary theme, it moves into the reaches of distant Asia and Africa and gives us an interestingly complete picture of the missionary endeavors of the Church during this great millenium.

As would naturally be expected, the main portion of the canvas on which this mission panorama is portrayed has to do with the Mediterranean basin and the north and west of Europe. Missionary effort to the south and east of the Mediterranean was checked by the powerful and effective rise of Mohammedanism and the relative missionary impotence of Eastern Christendom. Even within Mohammedan lands, counter-thrusts were effected by the Crusades and special missionary efforts, but the success therein attained was temporary and eventually ineffective. In Europe itself the story of mission expansion is one of ebb and flow, progress and recession, but withal a steady advance in the enlargement of the Kingdom of God. It is a period in Europe when the nations were forming and the Church was welding their culture into a unity that only a unified faith could give. The Church was engaged in preparing new peoples to carry on in turn what would be an unprecedented expansion of the world apostolate of Christ.

And thus we have the epoch-marking apostolates of Patrick, Augustine, Boniface, Ansgar, Cyril and Methodius, the glorious mission achievements of Benedictine and Celtic monasticism, the rise of the mendicant orders and the fulsome achievements of the great medieval universities.

The title of this second volume does not view this millenium as uncertain in historical retrospect. Rather, it seeks to characterize a period that felt its uncertain way toward the realization of its mission objective, each movement of expansion or restriction, progress or retrogression being judged in the light of the period itself.

The volume brings the monumental work of Dr. Latourette to the eve of the religious revolt of the sixteenth century and in the last two centuries of this millenium there is presented a picture which amply demonstrates the need of reform within the Christian fold. It is highly significant also that this same concluding period marks the lowest ebb of missionary activity within the Church. And yet the greatest and most far-flung missionary movement that the Church had thus far known, was about to be launched. This modern movement will be treated in the succeeding volume.

The author rightly points out how quickly in the newly founded missions the foreign personnel became unnecessary. Rarely during this thousand years did more than a few generations pass, when the work of pioneers was ended and the Church was manned by sons of the soil. The contrast is made in this respect with missions that were to be established after the fifteenth century—a point that seems well taken. It may be observed that in our own day a much nearer approach to this earlier ideal has been realized. The author likewise brings home to us a fact that we too often forget, namely, that it took most of the whole span of fifteen centuries to convert the nations of Europe. By keeping this in mind, we are able to arrive at a more just estimate of the relative progress of missions in our own day.

To readers of Dr. Latourette's first volume, it will almost suffice to say that the second volume of the series attains equal stature in missionary and historical literature. The present volume fittingly finds place with its predecessor in affording a valuable, indeed an indispensable contribution to missionary history. The same scholarly knowledge of the general historical field and understanding of the importance of the missionary movement so evident in the first volume of the series is likewise here manifest. Again, the sense of fairness, painstaking arrangement of facts, keenness of analysis, and reserve in judgment is brought to this monumental task. Like the first volume, the present effort is, in its own turn, an unusually fine and readable general history of the period it covers.

GEORGE C. POWERS.

Reformer: St. Charles Borromeo, by Margaret Yeo. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. \$3.00.

IF MEN, or systems, have the faults of their virtues, why may they not have, at least occasionally, the virtues of their faults? The unfortunate system, if such it may be called, of nepotism, flourishing in the Middle Ages but never dead, produced, amid a welter of abuses, at least one saint. The greatest, perhaps, of the counter-reformers, was nephew to Pope Pius IV, so as the rascally Borgias had their saint (also, you will remember, a subject of Mrs. Yeo's facile and fascinating pen) the papal nephews had theirs too! But if nepotism made Charles of Milan a cardinal at twenty-two, and Papal Secretary of State at that, absentee Archbishop of Milan two years before he was a priest and five before he entered his see (as its first residential ordinary in near a century!), the grace of God made him a saint long before he was "yet fifty years old." Mrs. Yeo makes the span of his years seem very real, against the vivid background of the Counter-Reformation, of which he was something very like the fountain-spring. What her vivid historical sense, blended with her experienced fluency of style did for us in helping us to know better Saint Francis Borgia and Xavier, she has surpassed in the present volume. Perhaps because the new hagiographical style is now generally accepted, she feels freer to let the story tell itself. Who, one wonders, would go back, willingly, to the old stilted periods and panegyric paroxysms from which Butler first led the revolt which has flowered in the (may I coin a word) Belloc-Yeo way of writing the lives of the saints?

Like so many who have attained the altars of the Church, Charles was less loved in life than afterward. "This sacristan candlestick-maker has undertaken to reform everything," complained a contemporary. And very well he succeeded, not only with the 2,200 churches, over 3,000 clergy, 200 houses of religious and 500,000 souls of his own diocese, but, through his Provincial Acta which became the norm of both moral and ceremonial reform of his era. In our own day he becomes the Father of the Liturgical Movement, not merely because of the meticulous care with which (sacristan candlestick-maker!) he legislated on even the minutiae of ceremonial, but because he did so for the sublime purpose of bringing under the law every department of Church life, and that in a time when revolt from law had desolated half of Europe, even as it threatens to disrupt the whole world today.

We cannot have too many of such books. We have had all too few of such saints! If Mrs. Yeo's books read like novels, is it because the saints she elects to write about lived and gained their sanctity and died in romantic times?

Partly, no doubt. And yet, in reading this life of Saint Charles, one cannot but feel that such a life could be lived today. It is, I dare to think, symbolic that one of the many excellent photographic illustrations of this volume is made with an ultra-modern process, the infra red screen. Put modern dress upon the sainted Archbishop, hear the clatter of trams and the honk of automobile claxons outside the gorgeous Duomo (only, in Italy, they're not allowed to hoot inside city limits!) and the same life of austere yet alluring sanctity is still possible. That, one submits, is the great wonder of the saints, their timelessness. That is why the modern literary treatment of them but enhances their reality.

MICHAEL ANDREW CHAPMAN.

Some Political and Social Ideas of English Dissent, by Anthony Lincoln. New York: Cambridge University Press. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

AMERICANS are so generally taken up with their own history during the latter half of the eighteenth century that most of us fail to realize that the struggle for "liberty" was almost as keen in England as it was here. Nor does the part that Dissent played in that struggle usually enter our minds. This book, therefore, opens up a little-known bit of history. It is not an easy book to read. Its style is rather stiff and its abundant documentation (which makes it valuable to scholars) does not make for facile reading. But to one who wishes to study this period, it repays the labor expended.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on Joseph Priestley, who, though a Dissenting minister and a political figure, is better known as the discoverer of oxygen. The author extols the services which Dissent rendered toward the achievement of modern democracy but he is not unaware that it also began the trend toward the complete secularization of the State, which is today reaping such a deadly harvest in many parts of the world.

FLOYD KEELER.

The Thanksgiving of the Spirit, and Other Sermons, by Gerson B. Levi. Chicago: The Argus Book Shop. \$2.50.

IF THESE sermons be representative, Reform Judaism has no belief in a personal Messiah, original sin or sacrifice, and is indifferent about personal immortality. Its cardinal principles are the unity of God, the worthwhileness of human life, the importance of good works and the knowledge of the Torah. Throughout this volume the reader will be struck by its lack of dogma, that speculative heritage which makes Catholic preaching so rich and varied as it attempts to plumb the depths of divine thought. The Catholic therefore without denying the glorious tradition of the Jewish nation will find these sermons without the warmth of personal devotion. Judaism appears as an unfinished symphony, striking fundamental chords but lacking the rich overtones of the Christian Revelation.

The ardor for social justice which runs all through this volume gives an insight into the rôle assigned by Saint Paul to Israel when it will embrace the Christ. By sheer adherence to tradition the Jewish people have persisted in the face of a hostile world. One can only begin to imagine what will happen when such perseverance is enrolled by the Father in the mission of His Son. "If the loss of them be the reconciliation of the world, what shall the receiving of them be?"

VINCENT A. BROWN.

OXFORD BOOKS



Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH COVENTRY PATMORE

Edited by Claude Collier Abbott

This interesting group of unpublished letters consists of the correspondence with Coventry Patmore (nearly thirty letters from Patmore and over twenty from Hopkins), and in addition forty letters to his life-long friend Baillie, and various examples of his correspondence with Pusey, Liddon, and Cardinal Newman. 348 pages. Illustrated. \$6.00.

The Poems of Francis Thompson

Edited by Wilfrid Meynell

This edition by Francis Thompson's great friend and literary executor, first published in three volumes in 1913, is now made available in the Oxford Standard Authors series by special arrangement with the editor. 353 pages. \$1.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.

66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street
New York

Largest and Choicest Stock of Good Second-hand and Out-of-Print books on all Subjects. Rare, Old and Curious Books. Fine Sets. Suitable for Private and Institutional Libraries.

Reasonable Prices. Catalogs Free.

Libraries Purchased for Cash.

Open until 9 P.M.

BETHANY REST HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

REASONABLE RATES

Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452

USED and OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

of Interest to Catholics

Bought and Sold

Maximum Prices Paid for Catholic Libraries

Write for current list

AQUIN BOOK SHOP

150 East 56th Street

New York City



"AS he (the author) tells of a whole territory thus regenerated, one can understand why Pope Pius XI a few weeks ago wrote in endorsement and praise of the Antigonish movement and why the Holy Father expressed the hope that the example set there would be widely followed."

THE PITTSBURGH CATHOLIC

If you are tired of "depressions," "booms" and recessions," read this inspiring book!

THE LORD HELPS THOSE...

By BERTRAM B. FOWLER

Author of "Consumer Cooperation in America"

How the People of Nova Scotia, under the Leadership of St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish, Are Solving Their Problems Through Cooperation.

\$1.75 at all bookstores.

Vanguard Press, 424 Madison Av., N. Y. C.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.



Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the
adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

A PLAY FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

GEORGE ABBOTT'S NEW HIT

WHAT A LIFE

"The American farce-comedy of humor at its best."

Grenville Vernon, THE COMMONWEAL.

BILTMORE Thea. W. 47th St., Evs. 8:45—50c to \$3.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 50c to \$2.

Classified Advertising

RATES for classified advertising: One to twelve times, 40c per type line. Thirteen consecutive insertions, 36c per line. Twenty-six or more consecutive insertions, 32c per line. Minimum space, three lines.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

DUCHESNE PLACEMENT BUREAU. Direction Alumnae of the Sacred Heart. Specializing in the highest type young Catholic women, as office personnel. 120 Madison Avenue (Carroll Club Bldg.), New York City. MUrray Hill 5-0433.

The Inner Forum

IT IS estimated that only 20 to 30 percent of the Catholics in the United States live in rural areas. Many leaders contend that rural existence is far more healthful for the individual, the family and the Church. According to Bishop Muench of Fargo, N. D., for instance, "The family as a social institution is stronger in rural areas than in urban centers. The farmstead . . . is also a home-stead. . . . Young and old, father, mother and children have a common stake in it. The vicissitudes of the climate, the approach of the seasons for sowing and harvesting, the land, the seed, the machinery, the fowl and cattle—all evoke a daily interest around the table at meal time or in the evening as the family gathers around the fireside. These are all important elements to hold the family together." Or, to quote V. M. in the current *Orate Fratres*, "The true Christian life, the liturgical life, is . . . something in harmony with nature at its best, including human nature. . . . We must look upon the lives of so many Christian children in the artificial and mechanical atmosphere of the large city as a real calamity. . . . Their opportunities for self-expression consist in the main of the need of elbowing their way through or amid congested streets and barren playgrounds, of dodging speeding autos, etc. . . . Compare this with the opportunities of the land where children from youngest days up can do many a contributory family chore, can exercise all the Christian virtues through the tender care of life, of young plants and animals. . . . The question of the city or farm is really a question of restoring the natural basis of Christian living for the greater flourishing of the supernatural Christ-life among men." A test census of 3,000 farms in 40 states indicates that one-ninth of our agrarian population is comprised of newcomers to the land since 1933. The National Catholic Rural Life Conference of St. Paul is the principal organization fostering this movement among Catholics and building up the rural communities already in existence. The Home Missioners of America, of Cincinnati, are just now organizing "to Christianize America from the roots" by preparing to supply the deficiency of priests in rural area, for there are today 1,022 counties entirely without priests.

CONTRIBUTORS

Frederic THOMPSON is an artist and writer and former assistant editor of THE COMMONWEAL.

Henry A. WALLACE is Secretary of Agriculture for the United States.

Rev. John LA FARGE, S.J., is associate editor of *America* and one of the leaders of the Interracial Movement.

Harriet SAMPSON contributes poetry to American publications.

Albert EISELE is a writer, newspaperman and farmer of Minnesota.

Henry W. CLARK is the author of "History of Alaska" and "The Last Frontier" and professor of physical education and director of athletics at Lafayette College.

Geoffrey JOHNSON, English poet, is the author of "The Quest Unending" and "Changing Horizons."

Henry TETLOW is the author of "We Farm for a Hobby and Make It Pay."

John Kenneth MERTON is a writer and teacher.

Rev. George C. POWERS, M.M., is professor of history at Maryknoll Seminary, N. Y.

Rev. Michael Andrew CHAPMAN is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Ind., and formerly editor of *Acolyte*, known to its readers as "Peregrinus Gasolinus."

Floyd KEELER is a writer on historical and theological subjects.

Rev. Vincent A. BROWN is assistant pastor of the Church of St. Ignatius Martyr, Long Beach, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

REGIS COLLEGE WESTON MASS.

A Catholic Institution for Higher Education of WOMEN

Incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts with full powers to confer degrees. Standard Courses leading to the degrees Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science (Curricula in Household Economics and in Secretarial Science, and Social Service). Affiliated to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Degrees "fully approved" by the University of the State of New York.

Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph

For Catalogue Address: THE REGISTRAR

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

ROSEMONT, PA.

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.

For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fully accredited

Junior Year Abroad

Telephone Bryn Mawr 14

Address REGISTRAR

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.

Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City
Paris, France Rome, Italy

Address Secretary

MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York
Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City

Address Rev. Mother

SETON HILL COLLEGE

Greensburg

Pennsylvania

Accredited by

Association of American Universities

Competent Student Guidance

Academic Leadership

A Junior Year Abroad

Honors Courses

Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law, Teacher Training

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

College of St. Elizabeth

A Catholic College for Women, on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular arts courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science. Degrees—B.A. and B.S. in Home Economics.

For catalogue, address the Dean

Convent Station, New Jersey

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

IMMACULATA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Fully Accredited

DEGREES:

Arts, Science, Pre-medical, Secretarial,
Music, Vocational Home Economics,
High School Teacher Certificate.

Swimming-pool, lake, campus, 327 acres, athletics,
riding, sports. View-book on request.
40 minutes from Philadelphia

Phone: Malvern 2201

Cable: Marimmac

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE White Plains

WESTCHESTER COUNTY NEW YORK
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion

Fully Accredited

Standard Courses in Arts and Sciences, pre-medical
Journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies, library science,
fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.
Forty Minutes from New York

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH In-the-Pines

Brentwood, Long Island

Boarding and Day School for Girls

Elementary and High School, Affiliated with the State University
Complete Course in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, LARGE CAMPUS, ATHLETICS
HORSEBACK RIDING

ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*A Catholic Institution for the
Higher Education of Women*

Beautifully located in the Immediate Vicinity
of the Catholic University

Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and
empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees.

Conducted by the

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF NAMUR

For particulars, address

THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

SUMMER SCHOOL

Catholic Summer School of America

CLIFF HAVEN ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN,
NEW YORK

(2 miles south of Plattsburg)

Only Catholic Educational and Recreational
Center in the Country

Lecture Programs. Catechetical School. All Facilities
for Land and Water Sports, including 18-hole Golf Course,
Tennis Courts, Bathing, Dancing, Bridge, etc.

CATECHETICAL INSTITUTE

Accredited courses in methods for catechetical teaching
under the direction of Reverend John S. Middleton, S.T.B.,
Ph.D., July 2nd to July 16th.

CAMP LAVELLE—FOR BOYS

Located on the Lake Front of the Catholic Summer School.
Rates—\$12.50 per week, or \$110.00 per season. Season
begins July 2nd. Camp Activities include every phase of
Camp Life. Boys between the ages of seven and sixteen
years accepted.

For Prospectus of Summer School, Catechetical School or
Camp, address Reverend Thomas L. Graham, Executive
Secretary, at permanent headquarters, 501 Madison Ave-
nue, New York City. After June 29th, Cliff Haven, N. Y.

MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart
133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

Courses Offered

Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Litur-
gical Singing—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series
—Organ, Piano, Vocal Lessons—and other branches of
Music. Four Year Course leading to the degree of
Bachelor of Music.

SUMMER SESSION, JUNE 30th—AUGUST 6th

For further information address secretary.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE of Staten Island

GRYMES HILL, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

A Distinctive Liberal Arts College for Young Women

Chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York
Ideally and conveniently located—15 minutes from N. Y. and N. J.
Ferries and Bridges

Sisters of Congregation de Notre Dame Phone: Gibraltar 7-4343

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH COLLEGE

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA

National, Regional, State recognition of degrees in Arts, Science,
Music, Home Economics, High School Teacher Certification,
Secretarial Studies, Fine Arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Large athletic fields, gymna-
sium and swimming pool.

Catalogue on application to the Registrar

GIRLS' & BOYS' CAMPS

OLDEST CAMPS for CATHOLIC CHILDREN in AMERICA

OUR LADY of LOURDES CAMP for GIRLS—CAMP ACADIA for BOYS

In Catskill Mountains 2300 Ft. Altitude
Private Lakes Full Length 9 Hole Golf Course
All Sports—Baseball and Hockey Fields
\$350,000 Equipment
Doctor and Registered Nurses

Rt. Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph. D.

Director

Telephone: EDgecombe 4-5820

After 5 P. M., EDgecombe 4-2310

468 West 143rd St. New York

CAMP NOTRE DAME

Lake Spofford on site of Camp Namaschaug New Hampshire
Boys 7-16

Rates \$125 per season Ten Weeks
\$15 per week

No Charge for Transportation

Write for Booklet: JOHN E. CULLUM, Director
6 Lafayette Ave. State Capitol Building
Brooklyn, N. Y. Union City, N. J.
Sterling 3-2330 Fallsdale 6-3540

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

DUNBARTON COLLEGE WASHINGTON, D. C.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross

Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges
Member of the American Association of Junior Colleges
Standard two-year courses in Arts and Sciences
Music, Dramatics, Secretarial Studies

CLASSES: 9 A.M.—9 P.M.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of
Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame.
Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

MOUNT SAINT AGNES JUNIOR COLLEGE and School for Girls

Accredited by Middle States Association of Colleges and
Secondary Schools.

Mount Washington, Baltimore, Md.

Conducted by Sisters of Mercy

Catalogues on Application

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Suburb of Chicago

A Catholic College for Women

Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.

Accredited by the Association of American Universities.

Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.

Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland.

Mount St. Scholastica College

ATCHISON, KANSAS

A Catholic College for Women

Fifty Miles from Kansas City

Conducted by the Benedictine Sisters